

CAVALCADE

SONEY



Art Goss

How to be Ruthless - and Win

★ ★ ★ I AM A DE FACTO WIFE
Film story in pictures — MAGIC TOWN



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Cavalcade

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THE NEW

DUNLOP



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White Women

CANNIBAL

When her fellow victims were dead, she ruled the murdering tribe.

IT was some time before I could get anybody to talk about Rocky. That's why I finally heard about Madeleine.

Had Rocky, which is what I'm going to call an island in the Pacific, one of a group noted in those days for its savagery, been drenched with a few casual remarks, I'd have lost interest.

I pieced phrases together, and all I knew about it was that it was not under British control, there were no missionaries there, a trading boat wouldn't accept a charter to visit it, and nobody would talk.

I might have lost interest, at that,

but I happened to fall into conversation with a free drinker who had, at that moment been drinking freely.

"Rocky?" he said thickly. "It's Madeleine. Worse than the worst."

I put a leading question. "She sure Rocky," he said.

From that moment, with the vision of the white woman dominating a mysterious Pacific island, I knew I had to get the story.

"You're not afraid of this Madeleine, are you?" I asked. I wondered about her—the little clue I had made her out as a sort of male chief.

Somebody has said that, in the islands, if you're going to do any-

thing, you make up your mind and wait three weeks. It was nearly three weeks before the story of Madeline came one stage further. By that time I was on the deck of an admirable colored steamer, and one day a vague island grew up on our horizon. It proved to be a high island, long and whale-shaped.

"That's Rocky," an officer said. "We wouldn't call them unless we had a couple of machine guns on the bridge. She don't like whites."

"Who's she?" I asked.

"That damn white woman who missed the big chief. Came from New Caledonia with a bunch of escaped convicts—they say she knifed her husband in Paris one time. Got life in New Caledonia, and escaped with some others."

"What happened to the others?"

"The natives ate them and hung their skulls in the clubhouse."

"What did they do with her?"

He laughed. "It's what she did to them. She must have been a sort of Amazon or something. Led them in their fight, and made the white top drop."

"Is it true she married the native chief?" I asked.

"Well, there's no masonmasonry there," he said. "She couldn't have had a formal wedding, but I suppose she jumped over the toge, or whatever they do."

"I thought Rocky was a terrible place," I said. "Cannibal foam and all that?"

"So it is," he said. "She doesn't stop at much. But the things I'm telling you are only grape-vine talk. There's a queer fellow, Julius—"

"Oh, I've met him."

"Well, he's got a tile or two loose,

and no wonder; but he can tell you more about Madeline than anyone else, if you get him just drunk enough, but not too drunk!"

It was some time before I had a chance of contacting Julius.

You can bet that I concentrated hard to remember exactly what he said.

"No, I ain't French," he told me, "but they picked me up in Martinique for a lot of leading I done there, and me father if I had one was French they said, so anyhow I got into a bunch they was sending out to Noumea."

"We escaped before they beat and worked us to death. No, I swear I'd never tell who got us off. We near starved and died on the way, and when we got sight of Rocky Island, we thought it was heaven."

"They came out in their canoes, and some of them said that we was fit for nothing but to knock on the head for the sharks to eat, but another said something else, so they took us in and fed us, put us in a cage, and one by one they ate the lot. Only the women, they didn't cage her. The big chief took her, and he gave her amushils that's worth pounds, and red shell money to hang around her neck."

"What d'ye want to know?" he asked.

"What did she do? Did she try and stop the cannibal business?"

"She? No! She's a devil out of hell. She used to sit and pick a bone with the best. She had an old Tower musket, which they had stole from the traders they caught; and she would shoot a prisoner as soon as look at you."

"How did you escape being killed

and starved?"

"Why, they had me tied up like a pig, and so was some of the others, and she was walking down the lot of them to choose which they'd put in the stove oven. The chief, he pointed at me, cause I was not as lean as some of them—but she let a yell, and put her hands in my hair—or was curly then—and she holds on to it, which, it seems, was what they done when they wanted anyone let off, only they never did want anyone, not as a criminal thing—"

I broke in. "You've been reading about Pocahontas and John Smith, ain't?"

He took not the least notice. It occurred to me, after that he did not know how to read. He was completely illiterate, it proved.

"So the chief and her, they argued a bit, and—"

"What was she like?"

"Not very tall, with hardly a ray on her except them native things, and red straight hair, and a burman like a bird. And her teeth was too long and too white when she laughed

I never thought anything of her. But she would have it they was not to eat me, and—Julius, just as he was getting interesting, dissolved into crazy giggles."

He went on presently, without much interest; it was plain that his feeble mind had been strained too far.

"Tied me in a canoe, they did, and set me off like—who was it—Nash in the ballroom."

He yawned dreamily, and sat down on the sand. Clearly the entertainment was over.

I had to make out the rest of the story from the confused hints that dropped now and then from Julius, when he was sufficiently primed. He had been almost died from hunger and thirst.

Madeline? No, she wasn't dead, but it was a long time ago. Maybe she was dead, at that. It was time he was dead himself.

And, looking at the grey in the mass of uncombed curls that had once saved the life of this modern Captain John Smith, I was inclined to agree.



Frank discussion of a problem which law could not solve or morals recognize.



ANONYMOUS

I AM A DE FACTO WIFE

I DO not enjoy all the privileges of society because I am a de facto wife.

I met Tom four years ago at a cocktail party. When Doc, the hostess, introduced us, she said:

"You two should get on well together. A lawyer and a journalist must have a lot in common."

She was right. We hadn't talked for more than half an hour before we realized how similar our interests were.

More than that, we quickly became aware that there was a strong sexual attraction between us.

Tom was 30 and I was 26. We were friendly for three months before he told me he was married. It was one of those affairs.

Tom, a twenty-two-year-old law student, was struggling through his final year. These had been unseasoned, a swift flare of passion. As always, the consequences had to be reckoned with. The girl's parents insisted on marriage, and Tom made no attempt to shirk his responsibilities. But the marriage was a sham. The child was stillborn. There was nothing else to hold the young couple together.

Tom did his best. He was studying hard for his examinations and trying to earn enough money at the time to support his wife and himself. Jean, his wife, didn't make things easy. She was continually nagging him, reminding him that marriage had been forced upon her, compar-

ing her life with the lives of her friends who were still single, and free to live as they pleased. She resented the fact that he was always studying at all hours.

Tom worried and he flunked his course. When Jean knew it would take another year to complete his study, she left him in a rage and went back to her parents.

Jean would not agree to divorce Tom, and he, feeling he was to blame for the situation, resigned himself to being held in a most unsatisfactory existence, spending his money to support a girl who had no other claim to wifehood than a legal name.

So at twenty-three he had resigned himself to a life of enforced bachelorhood. Three years later Jean was in an automobile accident. She was badly hurt, losing the use of both her legs.

That was how things stood when Tom and I met. He told me his story when we were no longer busy that we were in love.

It took a lot of thought, a lot of weighing up and a lot of courage. I told myself that it was a modern world, that the outlook on such things had altered completely. I decided that Tom and I had too much to lose by saying apart, much to gain by being together. It meant sacrificing certain of my principles and ideals, and—because they refused to see any justification for my decision—it meant giving up my family.

Tom and I often talked it over together. For himself he had no doubts. He said it was my happiness that was at stake. I pointed out that I had had many opportunities to marry, but none had attracted me.

Having met the one man I could have married, and would have married if circumstances had been different, I felt it would be wrong for us to go our separate ways.

Three-and-a-half years ago, without the approval of law or clergy, I went to live with Tom as his wife.

In the time we have been together, Tom and I have known great happiness. Rather than giving me a feeling of minority, the nature of our relationship has had the opposite effect. We are not bound by legal injunction or technicality to remain together. We are faithful not because we have to be, but because we want to be. The knowledge that love and mutual respect alone supply the strong basis for our attachment gives me a feeling of security. I know that as long as these feelings exist, Tom and I will have no desire to part.

On the other hand, should either or both of us feel at any time that our relationship has become meaningless, our separation would be a matter only of agreement between ourselves. There would be no dirty linen worked in the papers, no legal arguments about our decision.

In the freedom of our alliance, too, while enjoying complete compatibility, I think we have both been able to retain greater individuality than would have been possible within the restricting bonds of matrimony.

There has never been any question of our faithfulness to our mother. Marriage vows could not add strength to our trust.

If I were to express the desire that our relationship be legalized, Tom might agree to try and force Jean to take divorce proceedings. But I

THE VICTIM

His head was bowed in deep distress.
His eyes were blank, his face was long.
A woman, as you well might guess,
Had done him wrong.
He'd gazed into her dreamy eyes,
And felt his heart with passion glow.
He'd listened to her fond replies—
Then came the blow!
She did not strike it with a knife,
And leave him lying cold and flat;
She did not seek to take his life—
For worse than that!
She thrust upon the hopeless clown
A fate more horrible and grim,
For, wearing his resistance down,
She married him.

am not sure that he would. I do not know whether Jean is aware of the situation. Tom pays her an occasional visit and takes her flowers and books. I am glad he does. Jean spends her day in a wheel chair, but Tom says she is amazingly cheerful. She bears no resentment, now, against him. I don't think Tom would have the heart to upset her by talking divorce.

There have been times when my position has not been easy. I have had to forgo the pleasure of attending many social functions and entertainments with Tom, because I knew there would always be the few female members who knew our story and were recommended enough to object. In his position, Tom naturally receives a number of invitations which

he feels obliged to accept. He is popular, too, with other men and their wives. Society does not attach the same stigma to a man who indulges in an unconventional love affair as it does to the woman of the same affair!

When I say goodbye to Tom and see him off to a gathering, he sits around alone. I never let him know I have any heart-burning that it should have to be so. At first he would be apologetic at leaving me, but now, by unspoken consent, we look upon such occasions as inevitable and desirable in maintaining the freedom of our relationship.

Women can be cruel. I have had experience of their cruelty in the last few years. Tom and I have friends who know our position and accept it without question. Outside that circle there are many with whom we are forced to come into contact and who openly show their disapproval.

I have continued to work. A few months ago I had to "cover" a reception for my newspaper. Tom had been invited officially, and we saw no reason why we should not go together. I did not know that the house was a woman who had known my family for many years, and who now lived in a large house near our flat. She had refused to recognize me since the day I had left home.

She was receiving the guests inside the door. I told myself I could not walk past her, so I waited with Tom. When she turned to see her face become expressionless. I had been about to smile, but I stopped at once. She spoke to me coldly.

"The Phox are at the other end of the room," she said.

Then she turned her back on me

and greeted Tom cordially, if not pleasantly.

I was a little shaken, but I managed to retain my dignity as I stood there, then walked with Tom to the far end of the room. I could imagine the woman telling her friends later, "The cheek of him. Walking in with him so heavily and expecting me to shake hands with him!"

On another occasion we were at the home of some friends. We knew a number of the guests, but there were also a few we hadn't met before. During the evening I saw a woman I disliked bitterly for no special reason, as she had always been pleasant to me, whispering to the woman next to her and looking in my direction. From her expression and the curious glances of the other women, I knew she was telling her that I was "living in sin with that tall man over there by the door."

Before long there was a considerable amount of whispering going on among the women.

I knew I was the subject of it.

I have had to learn to accept the snubs and the whisperings. But I

feel no shame. Tom and I are living as we see fit. I do not believe I am harming my family. They may feel they have to maintain an attitude of disapproval, but under the surface I think they admire my courage.

I have one regret. We have no children, for our children would be branded illegitimate.

With all the natural instincts of a woman, I would like to have a child. If it weren't that for the child's sake it would be unfair, I would have children. I feel that in not having a child, our love is not complete.

For that reason, perhaps, we would be happier if our relationship could be put on a normal basis. There is always the possibility of pregnancy, and the way things are with us, it is a constant and unpleasant fear.

Apart from this one factor, there is nothing about our life together that could make me wish my decision had been different. I consider myself just as much Tom's wife as if the words, "I will," had been pronounced by us in circumstances which, even if not more solemn, were more to the liking of the public generally.



The FIRE DOG of ASU



The chesty crew of the whaler hunted the dark creature of an island forest.

FRANK SARAO

THE legend that men of science are apt to live in a world of their own seems to have its base in fact. Testimony to this is a small bronze tablet that stands near the village of Asu, on Misaki Bay, the Samoan island of Tutuila.

In French, the tablet reads, "To our comrades who gave their lives for Science and Country."

The story behind the tablet dates back to the year 1787, when two French exploratory vessels, the "Aurore" and "Bougainville" touched the island. Aboard the ships were a mixed bag of sailors and scientists. On the island were some of the most

happy-go-lucky natives in the world.

The men stayed many weeks at Tutuila. While the scientists pootered around after interesting facts and specimens, crews of both ships enjoyed some lavish native hospitality in the form of one long round of feasts and dances held in their honor.

At the hour of farewell, came a blunder. Just before the ships were ready to sail, a large party of men, headed by naturalists de Langle and de Lanson, went ashore at Asu. Their purpose was to ask some of the natives to accompany them back to France.

They were most surprised to find there were no takers. The men and women of Asu wanted to stay put.

So keen were the scientists to have some live specimens to take home, and so foolish were they in the belief that the easy-going Samoans would not have the courage to resist, that an attempt was made to kidnap some.

The bronze tablet tells the rest of the story.

De Langle and de Lanson were killed in the resulting fight, the rest of the party drove back to the beach, and the big dog buried himself over a cliff on the heights above Asu.

Now the bronze tablet does not mention the big dog, and there is some doubt whether he ever did exist. Native legend had it that he landed with the French party, joined in the fight when his masters were overpowered, and did more damage to his native opponents than any tin man.

The raiding party took to their heels. The dog, bleeding from many spear thrusts, made off into the hills. The native warriors went after him.

They followed the great animal to open ground above the village, and here he was cornered against an angle of the cliff. Spears went out. The dog charged his attackers again and again. Then, defeated, he buried himself over the cliff.

He sounds like a mighty shaggy dog to me.

Then, runs the legend, the warriors found his body dead on the rocks below, and they heard his dying wail. These struck such terror into the warriors' hearts that they turned tail and ran madly back to the village.

Some time after this, a native, travelling from Asu to a nearby vil-

lage, did not make it. On hearing nothing more of him, his friends tracked his footprints right to the heart of the deep valley below the cliff where the shaggy dog had taken the big man. Here the prints suddenly ended.

While waiting around for the lost trail, these natives were confronted by something that scared the howls off them, so that they fled the cursed spot. Although they got out alive, this was small consolation. The thing they had seen had turned them blood to water, and rendered them as simple as little children.

Till the day they died these men continued to babble of a huge dog, the color of blood, the size of a bullock, who had held their friend's body easily in his jaws.

The legend persisted to comparatively modern times, and the valley became taboo.

Taboo it remained even through times of famine, when its groves of coconuts, its tropical fruits, and its herds of yam and rare might have helped to avert off hunger.

Because of the taboo, the dog had no chance to carry off anyone else, but he was still considered a blight on the land, blamed for all misadventures from the surrounding villages, all sickness, failure of crops, and even poor fishing seasons.

The man who finally killed the ghostly dog and the legend was Judge Garr, the friend and lawyer of Robert Louis Stevenson. He had bought the taboo valley for a song to the tune of five hundred dollars, and had fished it a lousy proposition even at that figure. Never eager workers, the Samoan boys might be induced to do just enough to keep

CROSBY was joined to the door for the curtains bell gave by of the Hollywood First Photographers. The boys who click their cameras at the stars really spend themselves. So did the first-aid men.

Leslie Truitt was a Yankee man, in dark industry and pointed mustache, and Kenneth Wynne as a Yankee priest sat at a table along the dance floor. Nearby at quite the ladies table in the place was Melvyn Rooney, Dave Rasi and Donald O'Connor as Kippenure Cape. The party had driven up in an old painted wagon with their wives and the dancing never ceased. As a broken-down high school burn, Bob Hope, with a bow in his hat in up, was a low-key funny master of ceremonies—from "Photoplay," the world's most popular film magazine.

the plantation in running order, but they always seemed to recover their fear of the ghostly dog at the next cultural stage. The plantation lost money on those terms.

The Judge found an American manager named Brent who seemed able to get some work done. For a few months the plantation ran smoothly. Then one day a half-crazed native was found on the beach. From his delirious chatter it was learned that The Dog had appeared at the plantation and killed the manager. The natives had fled in an overloaded canoe which had spent its rough seas, drowning all except this one survivor.

Accompanied by the Medical Officer from Pago Pago, the Judge made the journey to the valley. There he found Brent dead. In Brent's hand was a revolver full of unfired cartridges. On his face was an expression of terror that made the two men blush.

Brent had died of heart failure. He was known to have had a weak heart. The doctor, practical man, believed that the manager had had

an argument with the natives and, in his fury, had poured too much adrenaline into that heart. The natives had fled because they were afraid of being blamed for his death.

Judge Carr was not so certain of this. It did not seem possible to him that a mere encounter with ordinarily human natives could produce the expression found frozen on the manager's face. He decided to keep an open mind on the matter.

It was some months after the tragedy, that another native reported having seen the Fire Dog in the valley. At this time the Judge and two other men were staying at the plantation. They decided to go out and see the ghost for themselves.

Armed with revolvers and rifles, the party went into the valley in the direction given them by the native boy. Soon they came upon a horrendous trail marked faintly on the ground, and they remembered that the legend had The Dog leaving a wake of light behind him. They went on, slowly.

A faint glow now showed through the trees on ahead, and then they heard the coughing grunts of some animal. Was that The Dog?

They were soon to find out. The light grew stronger as they advanced towards it. As well as the coughing sounds, they could hear the animal wallowing in some kind of pool, and from the pool they saw flashes of green and blue light.

The animal sensed their presence, then, and they saw it come from the pool, dripping fire. Someone fired a shot, and the thing charged the party. The Judge stood his ground and pumped round after round at it until the ghost was dead.

Then someone thought of lighting a torch, and in the glow of this, the party advanced on their victim.

"Gentlemen," the Judge announced, "we have succeeded in shooting a pig."

It was a very large, very old pig, not dangerous to man because its tusks had grown back in a circle. Lying there, it still shone with the

same ghostly light. Was that the Fire Dog?

The Judge was still not sure, remembering the look on his manager's face. Daylight investigation showed that the pool in which the pig had wallowed contained a drainage of the mamakafas which normally cause phosphorescence in the sea. High seas had washed them into the valley and left them there in a shallow basin. High seas had also washed fish into the depression, and this was the reason the pig had been there.

Whether the pig had been the Fire Dog or not remains a matter of guesswork. The Judge made a great mistake in quashing the legend by setting dynamite in the cliff and falling a few tons of rock onto the haunted spot, an action which impressed and terrified so much that they continued to do some work around the plantation after that.

So ended the legend, perhaps the reality, of the Fire Dog of Aua. He has not been seen since.





Poison—what they do to the people who take them should be a warning to would-be suicides.

SOME men play with poisons for a hobby or a profession. They call them toxicologists. Others play with poisons as a means to a dead end. They call them suicides and murderers. The best wrap-up that potassium cyanide ever got was through the death of Hermann Goering and his accomplices in crime and suicide.

Then, the potassium salt of hydrocyanic or prussic acid, is the most efficient of all poisons. It is extraordinarily rapid and absolutely certain.

A colorless liquid, you can find it in nature—in bitter almonds, in cherry, peach and plum stones, kernels. Apple seeds have it in small quantities.

It is present in the leaves of certain trees, and in the roots of some kinds of beans. You can poison yourself with any one of these things if you know the right quantities to use.

We know the symptoms of acute potassium cyanide poisoning. It is lightning-quick, giving a moment of unbearable fear, under the poem of bodily revolution, a trembling and sudden sweating pallor, a wretched, abrupt seizure—and death in a few seconds because the respiratory centre had been paralyzed.

Many cyanide victims linger for two or three minutes, in a first trembling, then laboring for breath which comes in short spasms, and finally expiring convulsions, and death.

You can kill a man with the active principle that is in every cigarette—nicotine. If you've got brown-stained fingers, don't let anybody tell you that that is nicotine. It's only a juice out of the weed. Nicotine has no color. It is a liquid, and deadly poisonous. If you want to get rid of your letters or your neighbor's pet pup, all you have to do is inject a quarter of a drop into them. If you walk on two legs, two or three drops will do for you.

Whenever you come across a man in a strange and cold street, who is gasping, whose heartbeats are weak and weakish till you think he's going to faint, and who has a feeble pulse, you ought not like to say with certainty that he is suffering from nicotine poisoning, because the symptoms vary, but it's a pretty safe bet that he is.

That woman, more than even, supplying poisons in crime is a fallacy. They're about on the same footing, though for every female murderer there are four males. Records of experience show, that, for women, arsenic is still the favorite wrong poison. It surpasses any other on the score of invisibility. When a woman wishes to kill it is a day in a hurry she takes arsenic. It is, properly speaking, arsenious acid, and it comes in a white crystalline powder. When she wishes to make herself a widow, she feeds her husband arsenic every mealtime, so that the poisonous order in the course of months has done its stuff.

Secrets of poisoning families have used it in this way to get hold of insurance money or in other ways, but all most of them ever get was a quick drop ending in a jerk. For, although

arsenic kills by degrees, and is a monster cunning in concealment, it usually can't get away without leaving some traces of its presence in the body of its victim. Exhumations carried out eleven and twelve years after burial have revealed these traces.

It's not a nice thing watching for the old breadwinner or the obstinate wife to deteriorate and die, but some can do it with the precise indifference of a doctor extracting a dog. Here are a few tips: arsenic poisoning has either acute or chronic symptoms. Acute are easy to recognize. There is a violence going on in the man. His weather is terrible pain. He has some of the dreadful signs of cholera, as if his stomach and intestines were inflamed. He falls unconscious. Death follows. That's all.

In chronic arsenic poisoning the victim sees his face getting yellow; he finds that he has no appetite; he suffers from stomach disorders. He doesn't know what's wrong with him, just tells the kept he's a bit off color, and tries to doctor himself. Then he begins to get cramps; a landowner taken hold of his leg and he can't escape in language. His hair falls out. Extreme nausea breaks out on his body. The doctor observes these and many other signs, but finds it most difficult to track down these clues.

You don't have to go beyond your own vegetable garden to get a poison capable of making you very sick, if not killing you. Children who have the proclivity of children for putting things in their mouths, and who adults who like to bite a twig or chew a grass blade, should sidestep the

leaves of the common henbane, and even the fruit of that plant when it is green. Part of the ordinary poison tea should go into a blue bottle marked with the skull and crossbones. In the buds and tops of the potato is solanine, a poison similar in its effects to atropine. If you've got a puzzling illness in the family it might possibly be that the potato is the cause.

It will probably seem unbelievable that these two plants should be poisons, but when you realize that they belong to the same group as the deadly nightshade incredibly fades. The deadly nightshade, or atropa belladonna, by flourishing in dark shade, presents its own symbol of mysteriousness. Its chief poisons are atropine, found in the leaves and berries. There is only a half per cent in the leaves and less in the berries, but don't let that fool you. It is a strong, concentrated poison. Besides the dangerous atropine, belladonna contains many other poisons, principally scopolamine and hyoscyamine, now, in its controlled use, added to the growing list of wonder drugs, and the best cure for secondary yet discovered.

If you have a desperate hatred for a man and want to poison him, make your choice atropine. The effects of atropine poisoning are fearful and horrible beyond the wildest imagining. The features of the madhouse ages and some present day Eastern races are phantasies compared with it.

I went once with a police reporter to view a maniac who had taken strychnine, and I have never known a more intense hatred and covulsion. If the man had been mangled and twisted and knotted by a machine he

couldn't have been a more frightfully grotesque shape than he was. It was impossible to conceive how a human being could become so contorted. The strychnine cramps had forced his head backwards, gnarled his hands. His body was bent into an arch supported by head and heels. Trembling accidental spasms told of the hideous shrieks. The foam was still at his mouth and on his shirt.

In strychnine poisoning, the cramp is not continuous. There is a break every minute or two. But there is not much use for them to repeat themselves. The body cannot resist the powerful poison and succumbs in death.

Phosphorus poisoning is not popular socially, although it used to be back in 1832 on the appearance of matches. In the hands of a suicide or murderer the phosphorus-headed match was as effective as a knife or revolver. In following years, phosphorus went to the top of the Toxic Hit Parade, relegating arsenic to a poor second as the favorite weapon of murderers.

Give your husband or your wife a dose of phosphorus, and you can go out, have a drink, do the shopping, or chat with the next door neighbor, for it takes a few hours for the signs to appear. The victim gasps, saying he has a pain in his abdomen; his complexion of a choking sensation in the throat. Soon he begins vomiting. If he vomits at night in a room with the light off, it can be pretty eerie to see the puddle shining on the floor, especially considering the background of gasps, moans and coughing. Three or four days later the man will be yellow and his liver will have swollen.

Lead poisoning is a creep, too, along a few hours to let you leave it alone. You feel sick, and there is somehow an uneasy taste of metal in your mouth. You begin as a little while to vomit. Pain starts in your abdomen, and a cold sweat breaks on you. If you hold a hand to your heart you can feel its irregularity, but you don't need to do that to realize the difficulty it's having. Your kidneys become tender. You feel yourself becoming coated to a pitch bordering on hysteria and delirium. Cramps buckle your legs, stiffen and grip your arm, twist your neck. Soon you can't move, held in an iron paralysis. Death steps in with a pained hand.

But a man doesn't have to take lead to be poisoned by it. Planners and men who work with it get a chronic form of lead poisoning. You can often pick them out by their coloring: they go from slaty gray through intermediate shades to a yellowish gray.

If you're not sure the coloring means lead poisoning, ask him to oblige you by opening his mouth; then you will see the lead on his gums. That is lead all right, the same stuff you put in paint, coated by nature blood vessels. The nucleus man does nothing about this. Then, one day when he is sitting down having a cup of coffee in a restaurant he suddenly realizes that he cannot feel the cup. The paralyzed radial nerve has killed feeling in his hand. It dangles limply as though an unliving part of the body. Matters get worse. The nucleus fingers can't button his coat, tie his shoe laces.

But lead poisoning symptoms have nothing on the effects of mercury.

Mercury, or quack-silver, is something the Mosque de Sade and Deucalia would use on their worst enemy. You can see that too standing off gleaming at their victim clutches at his throat and screams with the agonizing understanding of his mouth rubbing their hands as saliva drips slowly at first from his mouth, increasing to a stream that will amount to six or seven quarts a day; howling gleefully as the victim's muscles jump and twitch, one side of his face jerking while the other remains normal, then the process watching over and continuing alternately until the whole body is in an uncontrollable convulsion ending in death.





HOW TO BE RUTHLESS and WIN

The sporting spirit is a fine thing, but everything determination wins matches.

EVER here of Frankie Kovacs? Let me remind you, then, that he was the American tennis pro, hired by the manager of the last Australian Davis Cup team, to bring our tennis players up to concert pitch for the Challenge Round.

The Australian team received such a drubbing that six months later, the ALTA was still mouthily guffawed at sackcloth, and it was only after fervent pleas by the American Association that it decided that it was worth while challenging for the Cup in 1943. The Australian defeat was not Frankie Kovacs' fault, for the sad fact is that we just didn't have a tennis player comparable to Krauser.

But this Mr. Kovacs, now—he was the fellow who only seven years ago was enthusiastically sweeping from the

court all the best American tennis hopes.

And where, you ask, is Frankie Kovacs now? Possibly, I do not know, and although early this year he was appearing against Riggs without great success in pro tennis, the advent of the new prize seems to have swept him from the higher strata of tennis.

Riggs is still at the top, but in 1943, Kovacs was blasting him off the court with gear regularity—such regularity, in fact, that Kovacs eventually announced that as fairness to Riggs, he would in future forgo training.

As a result of this kindness, Kovacs appeared on the court at their next meeting looking like the character in the "morning after" advertisements,

and actually took five acts to vanquish Riggs.

Ah, there was a tennis played! More—there was a Clowse; and that was the tag Kovacs acquired, "the Clowse Prince of Tennis."

Kovacs had fulfilled the destiny predicted for him by Bill Tilden, when he said:

"Kovacs is a man who will beat champagne, but he will never be one. He lacks the stability to achieve greatness."

Then, from Mr. Tennis himself, might have been thought a peculiar antithesis; for Tilden was prone to add solemnly to an important match by taking time out in order to discuss a moot and controversial point with an umpire.

But the difference between Tilden and Kovacs was that while Tilden was creating a diversion, it was his opponent who lost concentration; but when Kovacs sat on his haunches, for instance, and deliberately gave away a point as a gesture of contempt for his va-a-va, the only person to suffer was Kovacs.

So Frankie's clowning earned him nothing but laughter from the spectators, and served merely to rob him of his concentration.

And there is the importance of being ruthless in any branch of sport. I'm told, for example, that cricket often is greater pleasure than when it is played on an English village green—but that, unfortunately, isn't where "The Ashes" are won and lost.

Wally Hammond in 1920 played the game to win, and as a result, achieved the honor of scoring the highest number of runs—1005—ever scored by an Englishman in a Test

series. But in 1947, he led to Australia an English team which suffered such big defeats that Hammond must go on record as one of the least successful of all English captains. His powers of concentration gone, he left cricket with his mighty clucks of the past temporarily overshadowed by his one failure.

He had played the game to the sport, and paid the penalty. I wonder if, from the shadows, his legendary demagogue was wounded by the ghost of Dr. W. G. Grace, who led an English team to Australia in 1879—a team which was so much stronger than the Australian side that the introduction of a picnic spirit by Grace would have perhaps made the difference between the teams less obvious. Yet on one occasion when an Australian disagreed with Grace the umpire's opinion that he was out, the Great Old Man simply beckoned with his finger to his team and led them off the field. This was the same Grace who, in a County match, was caught and bowled when he was three, refused to leave the wicket, and stayed until his side had won. Even then, he continued to bat until he was bowled indignantly by Kermichael. As Grace arrayed the stumps, the bowler said:

"What, are you going? There's still a stump standing!"—and Grace, outraged at that lack of sporting spirit, replied that he had never been so insulted in his life.

Grace is remembered as a ruthless captain as well as a mighty batsman, and if there are some who will curl at the manner in which he played the game, his fruits have been lost among the legends of his greatness.

I am, as I have written before, a

WHO DO YOU THINK I AM—EINSTEIN?

Slip on my slippers, light my pipe,
To adore your father, the time is now ripe,
He's struggled with matters long and involved,
The problem of lost shillings he's powerfully solved.
He's been polite to quiescent clients,
He's devalued the market with the greatest of science.
So come here, my child, with the word that encourages,
And let's forget freights and costly despatches.
Your father is tired, the result of much denwork,
What's that? Well I help you along with your homework!
Then let's get down to it, neither dilly nor dally,
This work is right down your father's alley.
Now, draw here neatly on an Einstein mosaic—
Oh, is that so—it's a test algebraic?
With X, I perceive, as the unknown factor,
I wish your writing were more exacting.
Please take it easy! your poor father is tired ...
And "X" marks the spot where he's quietly expired.

—W.E.D.

great admirer of Don Bradman, but I feel that much of his success, both as a batsman and a captain, has been due to powers of concentration given to but few men in any branch of sport.

It is a pretty safe bet that from the moment when the first ball is bowled in a match until the winning hit is made, there is no other thought but cricket in his mind. And Don Bradman will enter cricket history not merely as a batsman, but one of the most, shrewdest, and uncompromising captains Australia has had.

Take, now, your footballers. Football is, admittedly, a game in which ruthlessness is an integral part, and an *esprit*—even natural—*raison* to cultivate. The man who is hardly daunted by a Rugby tackle rises to his feet with the determination to seek repayment for the indignity and pro-

vided he is on the "blind side" of the referee, no footballer worthy of the name will hesitate to snarl in a well-placed punch in return for one he has received a little earlier in the game.

Now, practically any Sunday as a swimming bath in Sydney, you will find a couple of cronies who have been friends since boyhood. One of them is "Blondy" Watkins, perhaps the most ruthless tackle Rugby League has known—and, incidentally, one of the fastest. The other is "Jazzie" Byrne, a winger who played contemporarily with Watkins, and, moreover, in the same club.

The two were inseparable, and with an overcast trip in sight, both were selected to take part in a trial game from which the winning side would be selected. They were picked on opposing sides. During the game

"Jazzie," who told me the story, broke away and began a run which, it seemed, would inevitably end in his scoring the try that might clinch his selection for the trip.

"Suddenly," he said, "I was hit by a steam roller. When I picked myself up, I knew that I would be a passenger for the rest of the game, and that my hopes of a trip were shattered. That was bad enough, but the character who tackled me was my best friend, 'Blondy' Watkins."

"Blondy" got the trip, but "Jazzie" wound out.

The point of this story, of course, is that to Watkins, any man on the opposite side was his natural foe. The fact that the man flying towards him was his best friend just didn't enter his head, and the tackle he made had not an ounce less ferocity than any other he made during his career.

Boxing is a sport on which the

difference between headline and headline is infinitesimal, and the history of *recessions* is strictly reserved for potential stumble-bums. Throughout 11 years of *recessions* and 24 defenses of his world's heavyweight crown, Joe Louis proved himself a gentleman of the ring—but no one, and least of all his victims, ever accused him of failing to follow up an advantage. Yet in his own way, Joe was always a successful antagonist, for the reward of failing to stop his punches was quick and, according to his opponents, painless oblivion.

But what the heck—you're either a relaxing type, or you're not. If you're the one who believes that a game can be played too hard, and that overmuch concentration can ruin a good day's fun, then I'm a bit with you. But don't expect to see your name in the next Olympic Games team.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 41

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

MEN



ERIC MUSPRATT.

Black, white and Indian desert and gambled their fortunes in the wild, wild west.

ONCE I was on a job building a shed 28 miles long. They called it a snow shed—in country which snowed from getting stopped by snowdrifts while crossing the Great Divide of the Rocky Mountains.

On those high peaks of Wyoming, at 10,000 feet altitude, a peculiar lightness and clearness of air showed gleaming, icy peaks of much higher country 50 miles and more away. We tried to blow smoke in sight of that frozen skyline where the real Rockies galed up into Utah.

We lived in side-tracked trains until bunk-houses and cook-houses were built for an increasing stream of men and materials. That spacious silence was then broken by creaking machinery, clanging tools and harsh

voices of sweating laborers: white, black, brown, yellow and red workers from far and wide. Yes. In my gang a full-blooded Red Indian rolled logs with a yellow Korean, a brown Mexican and a coal black coon.

The first evening my boyish heart was thrilled by a group of conpanchem riding out of the sunset. They came to get a job, and others followed them, from time to time, from the surrounding peaks and the western ranges. Broad shoulders, bright shirts, sheepskins "duposoyos" and jangling spurs, with lances on their saddles and guns on their hips.

"Howdy, precher!" drawled a hawk-faced rider, just like the movies. "How much do they paya' around here?"

"Ninety bucks a month, fella'." "Well, boy! An' we puttin' outle fr' sh'ry'." "Guess our horse'll sock aroun' ef we ar'n 'ers loose."

For days and for weeks these horses grazed on the prairie grass, sickness and sage hands.

That sage brush was of a peculiar kind of grey, green, red and other elusive colours with a predominating purple. Its butter-sweet fragrance filled the air.

Yet this was a hard country, cruel in its distances and violence in its corners of heat and cold. Eagles soared miles high above it, watching, with their incredibly keen eyesight, for food.

"Guess be all hell stoppin' aroun' here when th' boys get paid," remarked an old timer.

Sure enough, there was an unhealthy riot of drinking, gambling and brawling in our workman community when the monthly pay-day came. I watched, fascinated, this display of crude masculinity with unaccustomed money burning holes in its pockets.

Dear players (trap shovels as they called them), squatted in circles. Poker players sat, six at a table, with bottles of whiskey beside them. Money they drank straight from the bottle. A dour half-breed lugged a bucket of water around with a pumkin.

"Wass, boy! Can on here an' I'll give ya a dollar."

They got more drunk. "WAA'ER BOOY. EF DALLERS FR A DRINK O'WATER."

Some winner yelled his threat. The winner wanted to keep their hands to keep their winnings. Thousands

of dollars would finish in a few hours, perhaps ten of the hardest gamblers would get a thousand others' wages of about a hundred dollars each.

"Fo'y fella, Ah'll rust dat to a harnessed, gamblin' man."

That last speaker, a brawny negro, rolled his round, dark eyes and mouthed his words in stunted abandon.

"Two hundred, black boy!" "Fo' harnessed, what boy!" "Fella," spat back the negro, depicting Southernness.

He won. Thousands. The mad games got madder as the day and the night went on. Losers drifted away, filling sleepless bars and there or quarrelling drunkenly.

A big fat, portly-faced bludger, with a gun on his hip, waddled slowly about. Several muscle men (nobody knew exactly whom or how many), were paid by this person and he took a percentage of winnings to keep order. Well organized.

I, as a kid of just 17 then, did not drink or gamble. I watched fascinated, those fellows that were to catch me, well and truly, in later years.

Inside the bunkhouse it got quieter as fewer bottles were left with bigger money. Whiskey was plentiful, sold by a harden friend of the order-keeper.

"Gamble no good," said the Red Indian, who rolled logs in my gang. "Me no gamble, kid." He never before me holding a bottle of whiskey in one hand.

"No Warrnell. No good."

"Drink no good."

"No, kid."

Then he fell down flat on his back,

A CANADIAN type of machine that is said to be one of the most perfect in being used at the Reposement Hospital in Perth, Western Australia. These patients at the hospital are learning to walk with the aid of the chair, in which they stand and shuffle along. Doctors at the hospital are worked to saving the expectation of life for these men, who were unable to move their legs and bodies from the same down, has been increased considerably.

The paleface raised unresistingly away. That was final. Wernbull fell flat back again. Episode closed.

A few freight trains and a couple of passenger trains up and past during the day and night. You could see them blink in daytime, lighted in night-time, coming with apparent slowness from 20 or 30 miles away and for as far beyond. A mighty queer effect.

As I went outside off and on, towards morning, defunct gamblers walked stumbly in stardlight towards the nearby railroad track. They jumped trains, broke after a month's hard toil.

I watched them and I wondered about the pathos and the mystery of Min.

"Waal, boys, and I kin say I'm a good loser."

By now—and long before for that matter—anybody was encouraged to drink so long as he had money. The slier you were the better they liked you to money.

Six pairs of eyes watched every shuffle and deal. They also watched the manager's face as he bet and won steadily.

It was a notable deal at that, Grey, pale was the effect of dead-white skin with a stiff stubble of black beard.

Like Wernbull, he wanted no words after his introductory curtsy. One quick look at the five cards and they were faced on the table. Then bet. Then face them again. Then bet big or nothing.

As he continued to win, with never-changing expression, a perfect poker face, my youthful, non-drinking, non-smoking and non-gambling faculties became aware of a terrific tension emanating from this out to

all the others playing in their room.

Quietly now, stepping over pones, dead drunks, ignoring raucous shouts outside, the sole surviving woman converged from four tables to those and to two and to one.

"Ten thousand!"

In those days you had silver dollars as well as halves, quarters and dimes in the West. You also had fives, tens and twenty dollar gold pieces. They lingered in the West long after the East. There were paper fifties and hundreds and bigger, all yellow backs.

Anyway, Slim now had a heap of jumbled-up cash in front of him. Enough to live on for years.

By now, only the water boy, the organizer and I were left, besides the not lost players. The winky seller had gone.

Slim had nearly all the money in front of him when it seemed that his nerve broke, or something.

He drank faster and deeper from

his bottle, pushing himself back from the table and standing up.

"Ya talk about ya tough guy? I was born in a cave an' suckled by a she wolf. Th' only mother I ever known boys."

Slim had an inhuman sort of face, it seemed to me very prominent teeth but, above all, a non-human, greyish tinge in his skin.

"Eet? No? No? Aaaaah!"

Bong went the table and all the money.

Slim ran in a weird crouch out of the bunkhouse, with a long howl. Everybody else there dove for the scattered currency except me.

I watched that crouched, muzzling figure going swiftly, not towards the Union Pacific railroad track, where all other desperate ones had gone to-night, but westward where brownish foot hills appeared to march upwards to the clouds.

We never saw him again.



She was dead, and it was murder; but that sort of thing happens to that sort of women.

CRAIG RICE



The MURDERED MAGDALEN

BOOGIE WOOGIE just sessions in a deserted farm house, murdered by fire, and a man hunt that needed anything ever seen in a mass thriller, combined to provide the pulse of a dozen cities and the Federal Bureau of Investigation with a neat puzzle in crime detection back in the Fall of 1945.

Another person who will never forget this particular case is a farmer living near Derby, Wisconsin. He was searching for a horse that had strayed into the woods when a car whirled past on the lonely and lonely road Wandering where such a sleek, obviously strange car was doing at this late hour of the night on a side road to remote from the main highway, he stepped out on the road to have a look. A shadowy figure emerged from the car, removed a

large, limp burden from the back seat, drove it over his shoulder, and started toward an abandoned farm house just off the road.

The tale of amateur sleuth that looks in every farmer's barn is answered in the farmer's barn. In the faint light of the moon he could see that the car was a Buick, 1941 or '42 model. Flashlight in hand, he stole up behind the house and listened. Inside somebody was tramping on the floor boards, and presently he could hear the sound of a spade digging up the earth. And then, another sound—the agonizing moan of a woman's voice!

The marital stage of a find burying a woman alive shocked and started him. He moved—and the aged boards of the fuel box on which he was crouching cracked. A voice

from within the house cried out: "Who's there?" A man's voice.

Armed with nothing but his flashlight, the farmer fled into the woods. A shot rang out, and then another. That second bullet had struck home—he felt the impact of it, but he didn't know where it had hit and he felt no pain. He dropped to the ground and hid himself in the underbrush. The beams of the farmer's flashlight swept over him. He held his breath. After an interval that seemed like ages, the passing foot-prints disappeared in the direction of the abandoned farm house again. The farmer looked up and saw flames burning from the windows. The woman! The find was making the house her funeral pyre!

By the light of the fire he could see the man now. He was short, and slim, and he was making his way back to the Buick. A moment later the car was moving away from the scene of the crime. Forgetting his own wound, the farmer ran toward the house, unsure on seeing the woman made, but it was too late. The old shock was one short of hand home. He tried to turn the flashlight on himself to see where he had been hit. It failed to work. He breathed a sigh of relief when he noted that the bullet had hit the flashlight and lodged in one of the batteries. By the narrow margin of inches the other had failed to commit a double murder that night.

The fire was still smoldering when the sheriff of Barron County arrived at the scene. While he waited for the police to cool, he and his deputy questioned farmers within a radius of several miles. Cursing police cars, already for the search, spread a net

for the fugitive Buick. No result. Evidently the killer had made good his escape.

The charred remains yielded several important clues. A scooped gasoline can established the incriminating origin of the fire. The corpse was burned beyond recognition, but the coroner was able to determine that the girl was young, about five-feet-tall in height, and black-haired. That she wore expensive clothes was evident from the few patches of material that remained—a bit of blue gabardine, a slend of tea skirt and a fragment of the pink slip. An autopsy performed that afternoon revealed that the victim had been shot in the head, but was still alive when she was consigned to the flames. Only one finger was sufficiently intact to yield a print, but there were gold fillings in several teeth, and these might prove important later if the dentist who did the work could be located.

Certain things could be safely deduced from the meager evidence in hand. Neither the killer nor his victim were local people, but the murderer must have been familiar with the neighborhood or he would not have known about the abandoned house or be able to find it in the dark. The house had not been occupied in years. Was the suspect a former resident of the place, perhaps?

And why did he go to such pains to destroy the body and make identification difficult? Was it because he was so intimately connected with the victim that mere identification of the corpse would be enough to implicate him?

The combined efforts of the police

I HATE ALL ANIMALS—ALMOST.

The subject, dear readers, is all humility,
Is animals and their lack of utility,
And loth though I am to be detrimental,
Show me one animal amenable.
Take, now the gnu—no matter how rarely he muzzles,
He's useless except for crossword puzzles;
Of cats I am fervently awfully weary,
And I'd be more so were I a coroner.
When poor Nisch took death on his flooring "Ark,
I felt he found out they bite worse than they bark.
With elephants, too, I'm not pleasantly struck.
Though maybe I'd feel better if I were Frank Buck.
The horse ranks even lower in my estimation,
For he brings me financial degradation.
So away with equines and canines and such,
For none of them appeal to me overmuch.
But cast from these weary, hopeless throngs,
The two-legged animal, *ferine* species.

—W.G.D.

of several States failed to provide immediate answers to any of these questions, but farmers in the vicinity of the abandoned house came forward with information that was both unexpected and startling. For sometime back, they said, they had been hearing one ghastly racket coming from that house at intervals, and always late at night.

"The joint was jammed with juvies addicts," was the way one of the policemen reported his findings to the sheriff.

It seemed that some musicians from nearby Superior, Wisconsin, and Duluth, Minn., had spotted the abandoned house and met there to hold jam sessions. From time to time they had filled the night with music, and, at dawn, they had silently stolen away, like the Ardus.

No one knew who these musicians were or from whence they had come.

The neighboring farmers had been curious, but with the complacency born of a lifetime spent in the country, none of them bothered to investigate.

"They weren't doin' no harm 'f'r as I knew," one of them said, "so I just let 'em be."

The others said the same. The police suspected that many of them had enjoyed hearing the hot music blaring out from the place, and had crept up close to listen.

Well, at least somebody besides the vanished phantom of the farmer's story had been placed at the scene of the crime. Perhaps the juvies were could be traced through the musicians' mess headquarters in Duluth and Superior. If the gun-wielding firing could be identified as a musician it would at least answer the question: How did he know about the abandoned farm house? Except

for the report of a stolen Buick at Richland Centre, 230 miles from the scene of the crime, there had been nothing on the go-away car. Missing persons bureaus had been unable to offer any help. The identity of the victim was still as deep a mystery as ever, in spite of one partial identification that turned out to be a mistake.

When the owner of the farmhouse and all former tenants had been investigated and cleared, there remained only two leads of any importance: the stolen Buick and the jam sessions musicians. The Buick was found in St. Paul. It bore a stolen license plate and in back of the car was a bloodstained blanket. Steps were taken at once to compare the bloodstains with samples of the victim's blood. As for the juvies, the musicians' mess was able to supply the names of members who had been making the farmhouse the "juvies' joint" reported by neighboring farmers.

Altogether there were five in number. Four of them, police learned, were playing a dance date on the night of the crime, so they had no alibi. The fifth, let's call him Jerome Gates, claimed he had spent the night in Duluth town, but he couldn't find anybody to back up his alibi. Gates was a hot suspect, but unless something could be found to link him with the crime Duluth police would be compelled by law to release him from custody within 24 hours. It was little enough time in which to break the case, but the musician was saved—by a finger.

Fingerprint identification has become so swift and efficient during the last ten or fifteen years that

everybody takes it for granted. Few people realize how much skill it still requires—raising the dirt traces of a print, reconstructing the imperfect ones, a job that is often almost as complicated as reconstructing a prehistoric animal from the fossil remains of a few scattered bones. Even when you have most of the fingerprints of one hand, and you rarely have all of them, it still requires great skill to make a positive identification. In this case the technicians of the Minnesota Crime Bureau had only one print of the right index finger to work on, and they made it. My hat hat—the one with the skull and crossbones rampant on a field of poison ivy—is off to the Minnesota Crime Bureau for identifying the body of Lawrence Edin of Minneapolis on the strength of one finger print.

Lawrence Edin. The name was a new one to the police of Burnet County, but the Minneapolis police records showed that Lawrence had served a 30-day sentence for vagrancy in 1944. Members of her family there and that on October 25, 1945, the day before the fire-slaying in the abandoned farmhouse, Lawrence had gone to visit a girl friend in Duluth.

Duluth. That was the place where police were holding Jerome Gates, the swing musician who was having trouble making good his alibi. Lawrence's girl friend was located at a restaurant where she worked in Duluth. These police interviewed her and learned that Lawrence had been planning to marry a man by the name of George Moffit, but at 7 o'clock on the night of October 25—the night of the crime—she phased

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, who does many things in both his private and business life to disturb the normal odds, breaks the procedure only in life. Once, when he was at the peak of his popularity, a "Charlie Chaplin Center" was held in a theater in the film. The person who made up to look most like Charlie was to receive a silver cup. There were other would-be contenders. The quacker Charlie decided to make the contest himself. He came in second!

her girl friend is wary, saying she and George had quarreled and she was checking out of the Deluth hotel where she had been staying. Why had they quarreled? Well, George might have found out at the last minute that his bride-to-be had been arrested several times at the instance of a disorderly house. She had kept that secret from George, meeting to settle down after they were married—

No, the girl friend never heard of Jerome Gates, and she was sure Lorraine never knew anybody by that name. Police then proceeded to question clerks and bellhops at the hotel where Lorraine had been staying, but all they could learn was that Lorraine Edin had checked out at 7:43 p.m. without leaving any forwarding address.

She had had no callers while she had been at the hotel, not even her fiancé, George Moffit. She had behaved in a normal way, eating and going quietly, and giving no indica-

tion that she had any fear of an attempt on her life. She had paid her hotel bill in full before leaving.

Once more police questioned Jerome Gates, again without success, and a call was put out for George Moffit, the man Lorraine had hoped to marry. Meanwhile the stolen car at St. Paul had been checked and the facts about it failed to fit into the case. Besides, the blood on the blanket failed to match the victim's. But investigation of Lorraine Edin's background had added still another name to the list of suspects, that of James Tyler. Tyler, it seemed, had been the evil influence in Lorraine's life. It was he who drew her back into the underworld of vice every time she tried to break away from it and go straight. She must have been sincere in her desire to lead a decent life, for at last she went to the FBI in Minneapolis and reported James Tyler. To a car like Tyler that would be a "double-cross," and if he found out about it—the police would have to look no further for the motive, or the man. The call went out far and wide: Find James Tyler and bring him in!

While the hunt for Tyler went on police questioned George Moffit. He admitted having quarreled with Lorraine, but apparently he still knew nothing of her past. It was just that she had some silly notion about moving far away from Deluth after they were married, and he couldn't understand why. Apparently the poor girl was trying to flee from the evil influence (or the death threats) of James Tyler, without letting George know the reason why.

The police knew now that Tyler was their man. He was known to

have owned a 1941 Buick sedan. He was a booze-soogie addict and he had taken part now and then in the late sessions at the deserted farmhouse. The man-hunt was on, and it led from Minneapolis to Des Moines and from there to Kansas City. It was November 19th before Tyler was cornered in Chicago.

His story, when he finally confessed to the sheriff of Barron County was that after Lorraine Edin quarreled with George Moffit, he, Tyler, picked her up and offered to

drive her back to Minneapolis. On the way she told him that she had reported him to the FBI. That did it. From that moment he determined to kill her.

"Her death was the result of a set of circumstances I couldn't control," Tyler told police. "I had a can of gasoline in the car, and after I shot her I took her to the abandoned farmhouse and set the place on fire."

A life sentence ended the criminal career of James Tyler.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



"THE TRAIN WAS HELD UP QUITE A WHILE. AT THE STATION WHILE EVERYONE TRIED TO HELP TRED PERLEY ELUDE HIS DOG WHICH HAD FOLLOWED HIM, BUT WHEN THE TRAIN PULLED OUT AT LAST IT WAS FOUND THAT SOMEHOW OR OTHER THE DOG WAS ON BOARD! WHEREAS TRED APPARENTLY WAS STILL ORCHARDING BEHIND CRIMES IN THE BARRACKS ROOM AT THE STATION."

Passing Sentences

Enquette is the noise you don't make while eating soup.

A fool may easily find more faults in anything than a wise man can mend.

The modern man is weak in the knees.

She gazed at him with a fire-away look in her eyes.

Patry is being nice to everybody from God down.

He was a fortune hunter just window shopping.

A banker is like a man who lends you an umbrella when the sun is out and asks for it when it begins to rain.

If you must give advice, become a doctor or a lawyer and sell it.

Propaganda is the other side's case put so convincingly that it swamps you.

A casual lady is in the grip of life.

In the eyes of the lover, post-marks are dimples.

Newspaper fame is a case of hero today and gone to-morrow.

There is no better evidence of true friendship than to speak of a man's vice to his face, and of his virtues behind his back.

If you have a fight with your conscience and get beaten, you win.

An honest politician is one who, when he is bought, will stay bought.

Sparkling is a stern punishment.

★ NO TIME FOR LAZINESS!

Naomi Court, who plays for Galetherough film, is in an energetic mood.



LOST CARGO

of Women

The boat before dawn on May 14, 1859, the bottom of the aquatic ship "Neva" was hard to cry, "Bottoms dead ahead!"

Only the man on watch heard him. Below decks were one hundred and fifty female convicts, and five immigrant women, and fifty-five children all bound for the colony at Port Jackson.

Immediately after the first gale, the vessel struck hard, snapping her rudder.

The captain ordered the pinnace lowered, and he and the surgeon and two crew members boarded her with the intention of repairing the damage to "Neva's" hull. But the moment striking had broken down the planks in the body of the ship, and now the decks swarmed with a horde of panic-stricken female convicts, who swamped and sank the pinnace before it could sail close of "Neva."

Now the anchor was lowered, in a few days in dawn. During those few days with firm and free, the crew perceived only a soft number to enter the boat with the captain and four men.

When the launch exposed and sank in the heavy surf off King Island, the last hope of the women was aboard "Neva" had vanished. All in the launch perished, except the captain and four men who sat

coiled in swimming back to "Neva."

Within a few minutes of their return, the ship broke into four parts, each momentarily floating on the rising waters with its cargo of clothing, remaining women, most of them in night gowns.

Of all the souls on board the "Neva" only a few months before a new ship out of Cork, Ireland, only twenty-two were saved. These landed on the shore of King Island.

Seven of this number died from the effects of their nightgown immersion. The remaining fifteen made tents of mattress woolen skins, and found provisions which fed them during the next fifteen days.

At the same time, on the other side of the island, were crew members of a small vessel which also had been wrecked on King. These men saw an unusual amount of drift in the surf and walked around the island to investigate, along with a guide who lived there for years round.

These men joined the "Neva" survivors and lived with them until all were rescued on the 14th of June, with the exception of one woman and two children who were away on another part of the island. They were picked up some time later.

In the wake of the "Neva," one hundred and fifty-nine women, fifty-five children, and numerous crew members were lost.





ROOM *with a* VIEW

The hotel was booked out—the offer of a room for the night had a summer native behind it.

★ CARL BUTLER

"I'll rigged man with the twisted nose and scared lips pushed the hotel room key into my palm.

"I'm sorry to hear you ain't got a room. Here mine. No thanks due, mister."

I took the key. Now was I to know he gave me the room with a view to murdering me?

I settled down between the sheets

after I'd hung a fat roll of money out the window on the end of a string. I got them from my gambling blonde partner—in her absence.

I rolled over now and comfortable and went to sleep.

I opened my eyes wide. It was my room door clicking open that awakened me. Light swept through



I tumbled into the room at the feet of a pair of silk clad legs.

the window, and I could see the door.

I could see a long, black cylinder nailing its way round the door. I am very sensitive to silhouettes on the end of revolvers.

I dashed out of the bed, and slipped a couple of dark socks on the pillow where my head should have been.

The gun was followed by a man with a twisted nose and scared lips. Just his head, though, to right on the rocks. Then came the whop of the bullet into the pillow. Try now

stood up and down my spine and kicked me in the stomach. Then there was a second, ugly whop.

Scared lips drew his head back. I slipped back into bed, and put my head where the socks were neatly baled.

Scared lips came back, ignored my "dead" body, and scurried the room. He found nothing.

After he'd gone I couldn't sleep. At 7:30 a.m. I dressed and scolded down the stairs. Scared lips was in the lobby, his back to me. I went

Carl Sanley

over to him and dropped the room key into his hand.

"Thanks, old man," I said. His face was white.

As I left the hotel I felt a touch as the arm. Detective Mulligan.

"Why, Mulligan, old man, let's go and have a malted."

He jerked his thumb back in the direction of scarred lips.

"Bad man," said Mulligan.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Old-time thief. Used to work for your blonde partner. Does all her dirty work for her."

I started to put two and two together. Could it be that scarred lips had spied on me cleaning out the blonde's desk, let me do it, and then decided to relieve me of the worry of the roll of notes?

The notes? I had left them on the end of the string, out the window. I retraced my hat to Mulligan.

He grinned. "See you in court," Mulligan has his humorous side.

I dashed back up the hotel steps and met scarred lips coming down. He grabbed my arm.

"Listen," he started. "I know you cleaned out the blonde. Just let me have a little of it."

I punched him short in the stomach and he folded.

I went up to the desk clerk in the hotel.

"Did that big, ugly fellow who just went out throw in his key?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Cancelled his room, too?"

"Good," I said. "I'll take it."

"The room was snapped up right away."

I took another room. It was near the one I had slept in that night. Seeing that the passage was clear, I

clipped up to the door and listened. Not a sound. I twisted the handle and leaned on the door. It creaked right open, I toppled into the room, right at the feet of a pair of silk legs.

A soft, husky voice purred at me. "This is very informal," said the veen.

I got up. She was about twenty-four, fresh as a day in spring.

I gazed and cleared my throat. I glanced out the window. The string was gone. The notes gone. I looked back at the girl. She winked at me.

"I've got them," she murmured.

I set my jaw. "O.K. Miss Beautiful, hand them over."

"But I want them," she said.

She tucked her hand in my arm and edged me to the door.

"You can search the room if you like. We could have lunch together today and talk over what we will do with all that cash."

She could have put the roll anywhere. I played along.

"O.K. Lunch."

We fixed the time and the place.

She went out early. I watched her walk down the passage. I went across to her room but the door was locked. I went back to my room.

Scarred lips came in presently. He punched with short, savage jabs and I went down, and then out. When I came to, my old friend Detective Mulligan was turning my head. The girl was putting my hand.

Mulligan said, "I was talking scarred lips. I watched him enter the room. How did I know he was beating you up in front?"

The girl looked at me. "What about our lunch date? Remember,

we have something to discuss."

We went out to the girl's car, and were out to that harbor side cafe.

"I know you," said the girl. "All about your working that gambling racket with that dirty blonde."

This nice girl had me thinking. She took a photo of me from her bag. A copy of my old police photo.

"Hey," I said, "where did you get that?"

The girl was looking to the door. I glanced over. My friend Mulligan was making his way over to our table. He reached it and sat down. I glanced at him.

"Go away," I suggested.

I decided to talk to the girl, Mulligan or not. "The money," I hinted. "Where is it?"

Mulligan interrupted. "You mean this?" he asked and threw the roll on the table.

I stared at him. At the girl. At the money.

"All cash," said Mulligan.

"Phoney money. Your dirty blonde co-partner paid her gambling co-mates with counterfeit notes. You skipped out just in time."

Mulligan got up. "We pushed scarred lips."

"Awake?"

"No. Carrying unregistered gas, etc."

Mulligan turned to go, then added "By the way, I don't want you to meet this girl, but she has. My daughter, Carol."

"I've been taking you for six months," she whispered, nice and soft and husky. "I want to keep you out of trouble."

Out of trouble? Ha! I go to work every day now. Fight the income tax. Fight my boss for more money. And yesterday somebody passed me a dud two dollar piece.

I am shocked at anyone cheating an honest working man with a phoney two bob.



The SNAKE PIT

Shooting the Rajah's chestnut was an accident—was the ghostly aftermath a dream?

GARNETT RADCLIFF

EVER heard of Katnippore? No, I don't suppose you have; it's not a place where they encourage visitors. It's a small independent native state tucked away in the north-east corner of Rajasthan, ruled by an hereditary Nawab. When I was there the name of the Nawab was Hathan Ali Khan. Like most Rajput princes he was a fine looking chap, six feet high, black beard, tiny hands and feet and an air about him as if he owned the world. He was a cultured man too. Spoke perfect English, played all the correct games, beginning with polo, and wore European clothes except on state occasions when he turned out in

green silk robes with about a hundredweight of jewels hanging about him. Yes, he'd all the veneer of civilization but just how deep that veneer went I'll leave you to judge for yourself.

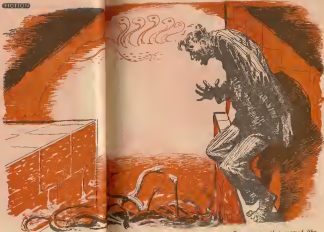
I'd gone to Katnippore on a job. They'd sent round for Sergeant Instructions to train the Katnippore State Troops, and I'd applied. It had seemed a bit of all right to me. You get extra pay, your own bungalow and a servant. Besides I thought it would

be more interesting than quacking about in the machine-gun school at Mhow showing hand-handed recruits how to strip the lock of a Vickers. Nothing gets you so browned-off as instructing. So when this Katnippore chance came along I shot in my application at dawn and thought myself mighty lucky when it went through.

Before I went the Old Man had me in his office and gave me a lot

For minutes that seemed like years I fought for my balance

of good advice on how I should behave. No running after women, or getting drunk or breaking into temples and jewels or anything of that sort. If I got myself into trouble, he explained, the Government of India wouldn't be likely to send a punitive expedition just to get me out. Katnippore was an independent state, and so one was going to stick to one's beliefs.



MRS. HOLLISTER and Mrs. Davis hadn't seen each other for several months. "I understand," said Mrs. Davis, "that both your son and your daughter got married. How is your daughter getting along?"

"Excellent," replied Mrs. Hollister, beaming. "She has a fine thoughtful husband. She has breakfast in bed every morning, doesn't have to lift a finger. Every day, during the only afternoon she goes shopping and later she plays bridge. She's a regular lady!"

"And your son?" continued Mrs. Davis.
 Mrs. Hollister sighed. "Oh, my son, my poor boy. His wife is a downright lout. Why, the wife he had said 15 o'clock and never does any work. Spends all afternoon playing cards. She's a regular no account!"

I said, "Yes, sir; I quite understand, sir," and sat there. I wasn't worried. Looting and running after native women weren't in my line. I meant to be a good boy, keep my nose clean and save all I could against my next leave.

Well, I went and after I'd settled in I liked it all right except I found it a bit lonely. The only other white man in the place was the political officer, an old regular Indian Army colonel who wasn't the sort to hob-nob with *Singapore* instructors. Come to think of it, I don't know what he did do except he under a punkah and drink *burna* pags. Probably he was wiser. *Murtha* Ali was a proper desperado for all he was so civilised, and if old Colonel Johnston had tried to interfere with any of the good old Katsapere customs such as concubine by elephants and water, I don't think he'd have enjoyed his good health very long.

I understood all that and I did my best to keep my own shirt clean. That is to say I did my work as well as I could, shut my eyes to a lot of things that were pretty odd to a white man's way of thinking, and refused anything in the way of

bribes. I knew there was a lot of knife and poison business in Katsapere, and my motto was "Safety First."

All the same, I got into trouble. It was nothing serious, at least I didn't think so at the time.

It came about soon after my arrival, in a very understandable way. After all I had arrived in India full of excitement at the prospect of being able to hunt, as every young man does, it seems almost unusual to be in the same territory as the big cats without trying one's skill.

So I took the first opportunity that offered, and as there was nobody about to go with me, I went alone, armed only with a .303.

Once in the lonely twilight of the jungle finges I didn't feel like running any snide risks, which prevented me from plunging into places where every kind of danger might lurk. I watched the tree branches for crouching man-eaters, listened intently to every rustle of the grass around, and more than once made ready to run at a shadow which seemed, for the moment, to be remarkably like a tiger.

Then I saw one—it was prowling

slowly, pawing to snuff the air, and apparently unaware of my presence, a completely careless. I took up a position which gave me an advantage and aimed at the same time to be perfectly safe, for I had heard how a wounded animal will attack with the greatest ferocity. But I underestimated my skill—I killed it with a single shot.

I approached cautiously, to make quite certain that it was really dead. It was—but I criticised almost as big a shock as if it had jumped up; I had not shot a jungle panther, as I believed. I had killed one of the Nawab's hunting cheetahs through the hind.

A beautiful cheetah it was, with a gold collar made in a sort of snake design, that being the Nawab's emblem.

If I'd had any sense I'd have buried the thing and kept my mouth shut. But I was too honest for that. Like a proper Joe Soap, I went to the Nawab, gave him the collar, explained how the accident had happened and said how very sorry I was.

The way he took it surprised me, knowing his temper and how fond he was of his hunting cheetahs. I'd expected to get the whole of a strip torn off. I knew he'd often had one of his own subjects trampled to death by elephants for a lesser thing than I'd done.

But there was more of that. He took my explanation like a gentleman. Maybe his eyes went a bit red, but when I'd finished he was smiling.

"A most unfortunate mistake," he said. "Poor Mahrar was the best of my cheetahs. To think of her being mistaken for a panther! Well, now

damn will happen. No one can guard against accidents, can they?"

"No, sir," I said, pleased to find him so reasonable.

Proper gentleman he was. When I offered to pay the cost of the cheetah out of my pay he just waved his hand and laughed. I can see him now, laughing with his white teeth and his black beard while his eyes were like bits of red glass.

That night I turned in as usual on my camp-bed on the verandah of my own bungalow. I'd gone earlier than usual for I was very sleepy. Instead of reading a bit as I usually did, I seemed to drop off directly I tucked in the mosquito curtain.

I woke up to find myself no longer in my bed. I wasn't even on the verandah of my bungalow. I was lying full dressed in my pyjamas on a marble floor and everything seemed unusually cold and silent.

I stood up and looked about me. My head was aching and my eyes didn't seem to focus properly at first. Then bit by bit I made out my surroundings.

It seemed to be a long-shaped hall or room. I was in it, but there was no door or windows to be seen. It was lighted by a single powerful bulb (electric light was one of the few blessings of civilisation bestowed by *Kingspore*) set in the center of the roof twenty feet above my head. The walls, like the floor, were marble and decorated with huge grotesque, menacing figures that laughed.

Then I noticed something else. The place was heated as it were by a pit about ten feet wide running from one end wall to the other. To cross to the other side you had to jump that pit. From either side of the pit

A TROUBLED traveler has just told of an experience he had the other morning in the dining room of a London hotel.

It was intended to help him understand the problems that Miss Host herself was up against.

"I ordered two soft-boiled eggs," he said in a shaky hand. "The waitress hurried away, but as a couple of minutes she was back.

"Too sorry, sir," she said, "but we're not serving boiled eggs this morning. Our eggboiling machine is out of order."

to the side walls, the floor measured about twice feet.

Somewhere the pit seemed one even more than the silence. I approached it cautiously and looked down. And what I saw made me recall as if I'd reached a law wire.

I've an instinctive dread of snakes. At the bottom of the pit, which was about fifteen feet deep, I'd seen at least a score of wedge-shaped heads with eyes like green sparks in the semi-darkness. My eye seemed to have disturbed them for I heard the slither of eager, sinuous bodies flowing over rock.

My first idea was that I'd somehow sleep-walked into the hellish place. I yelled for help, only to be met by the sound of my own voice echoing from the marble walls. It came to me I was underground somewhere, walled away in the bowels of the earth beneath some temple, with only the snakes for company.

Angry and frightened I began searching for some way of escape.

I even served myself to jump the pit so that I could investigate the further side. It was precisely the same as the side on which I had first found myself. Marble walls and marble floor and not a crevice through which a loved might have wriggled.

I jumped back again, and as I did so I heard an important noise in the pit. But I was safe up there. No snake that was ever hatched could have climbed up the smooth sides of the pit.

At last I decided the only thing was to wait and see what happened. I lay down against the wall to be as far as possible from the edge of the pit and closed my eyes. And despite the coldness and hardness of the floor, I presently dropped off.

Then I began to dream. When I was a lad the favorite and strictly forbidden playground for myself and my brothers was the top of a dangerous cliff. As kids do we used to pretend to push each other over for the sake of the thrill.

That seemed to be happening in my dream. I was being slowly, tentatively pushed towards the edge of the cliff. Nearer . . . Nearer . . . Nearer . . . I gave a great yell of terror and started up, to find myself almost on the edge of the snake-pit.

The floor seemed to have shrunk. My back was hard against the wall, but my feet were within an inch of the edge. Then I realized what was happening. The wall itself, worked by some invisible machinery, was moving slowly and inchwisely towards the pit, pushing me before it. As I tried to strain back my feet were slipping forward on the marble.

A few more seconds and I'd fall

among those cold-eyed, watchful horrors below. I jumped at the side of time when there was scarcely any foothold left. The wall on the farther side hadn't moved and I collapsed on the safety of the floor.

As I did so the wall that had pushed me, and without a sound back to its original position.

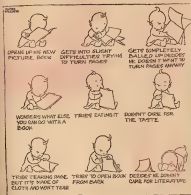
I knew then that I was being watched by evillike eyes. I was in a narrow chamber of horrible agony such as could only have been devised by an Oriental mind.

Anyway, I seemed safe where I

was now. After a time I again fell asleep. How long I slept I don't know, but I was wakened in exactly the same way. The second wall—I mean the wall on the side I now was—was sliding me towards the pit.

Again, I had just time to jump for my life. I knew now what the game was. I was a helpless prisoner in a place where I would never dare to go to sleep!

I began to walk about, sing, dance, beat my hands, everything to keep awake. I even jumped back and forwards over the pit as a variation.



And every time I jangled I heard the rattle of the watchmen below.

Hours that seemed to me like centuries passed. The figures on the walls were grinning down at me. They were waiting—waiting till they could creep forward to push me into the pit of awful death.

Thrust had added itself to my misery. After I don't know how long, I collapsed from sheer weakness. As in a nightmare I felt the wall with those mocking figures creeping towards me and I wanted power—power to move.

At the last possible moment the spell snapped and I sprang. I had jumped start and for a frightful second felt myself falling down to where the grumpy heads waved like horrible flowers. Then my hands caught the opposite edge of the pit and with a strength only terror could have given, I dragged myself

to safety. And as I did so, I heard myself whispering like a terrified dog—

So it went on, a cat-and-mouse game with the walls for cats and myself as mouse. They were moving faster now, giving me less time to move after each jump. I suppose the machine was growing impatient.

I have only a blurred memory of what happened towards the end. Looking back I seem to see myself leaping like a crazy thing back and forwards across the pit. And then with a shock of overwhelming terror I realised the walls were advancing simultaneously.

They came very slowly, like a tide creeping up a beach. At last I found myself on a ledge barely six inches wide. On the opposite side of the pit exactly the same amount of

space still remained. And then, with a last refinement of cruelty, the wall stopped.

For minutes that seemed like years I fought for my balance above the expectant snakes. Then I made a last frantic leap across the pit, grabbed for the ledge on the other side, hung by my fingers for a few moments, and then heard myself shriek hoarsely as my hands slipped and I fell . . .

I did not fall among the snakes, but into the darkness of merciful unconsciousness. What horror that spared me I shall never know; but my imagination still keeps me awake from time to time with vivid and horrible speculations as to what must have happened as those hideous forms sprawled and clattered over my unconscious body.

Next thing I realised was that I was in a bed in the Katsupose

State Hospital. They were treating me for snake-bite. The native doctor told me I had been bitten several times by a Russell viper which had coiled itself at the foot of my camp-bed, and had been delirious with a high temperature for days, and I pretended to accept his explanation without question.

They were very kind in the hospital. When I was well enough to return to British India, the Nawab himself came to see me off. He gave me a handsome present of money and a final word of good advice before I left.

Speaking of the snake that was supposed to have got into my bed, he said:

"No one can guard against accidents, but let this be a lesson to you to be most careful in future."

And I've been careful—careful never to return to Katsupose!



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 41.

MECHANISED

matches

*Flashed out by
GIBSON*



... Nowadays with the piece of metal streamlined into a small wheel and the flint neatly pocketed away in a metal container, man still strives to flick out a spark or two. The mortality rate for thumbs remains about the same. . .



The "Storm-Proof" type of lighter is usually affected by the rugged out-door biker who uses a mixture of kerosene and fuel oil in place of the usual fluid. . .



Greatly favoured by young men-about-town and Ex-RAAF types are the "Love Sick and it's Hot" lighters. . . the RAAF biker on the ones who use high octane fuel. . .



Most modern lighters are guaranteed to light anywhere under any conditions. Many of us don't need high pressure sales talk to convince us of that. . .



Psychologists may have an explanation for the strange fact that although women buy cigarette lighters for their husband or boy friends they always get matchless themselves. . . We have our own idea. . .





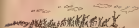
Although automatic lighters are the goldpieces doctors come true, ivory sticks like to manufacture their own particular type of fire machine.



Which leads us to a strange thought: future ordinary safety matches would have had been invented after cigarette lighters!

Imagine what a sound if they

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



RADAR, famous for its use in military aviation, is now to be used to heal the sick. Experiments have shown its potential value in medicine. It will be used to heat living tissues in conditions where that is desirable. Radar can be beamed and localized like a spotlight and the patient will be free to move away from the radar director at any time. The medical use of radar was under investigation some years before the war. It had not then been given its name, radar, but was known as microwave therapy or microkymotherapy.

MANY a chronic asthma patient goes on wheezing and suffering because he is being half-starved. If he will eat enough of a normal diet, regardless of his food allergies, his asthma symptoms will be relieved. This finding, contrary to general medical opinion, was reported by Drs. George L. Waldhert and M. M. Harrington, of Detroit, and Dr. J. J. Shea, of Dayton, Ohio. Asthma sufferers get into a half-starved condition for several reasons. They may have noticed that asthma attacks made worse by eating certain foods. Their doctors may have put

them on a diet to avoid foods to which tests show the patient is allergic. But food allergies or sensitivities vary from time to time. Patients may lose the allergy, but go right on avoiding the foods and may half-starve themselves because of the trouble in breathing and the exertion of eating.

SULFA drug has cured cases of meningitis where penicillin and streptomycin have failed. The sulfa drug was made more efficient by giving with it another chemical, urea.

NITROGEN mustard, war gas chemical, has become one of medicine's new weapons against disease. It has now been used with apparently good results in treatment of a rare but usually fatal skin disease, known as mycosis fungoides. This disease is believed to be related to leukemia and Hodgkin's disease. Hard reddish tumors of the skin which tend to spread and ulcerate are its characteristic symptoms. The war gas chemical has proved effective in stopping the itching caused by the disease, and the tumors have rapidly disappeared.



Blackmailing A NATIONAL LEADER

A story newspapers dared not publish at the time, is still a scoop.

THE following story is authentic, though it has never previously been told. It deals with the successful Blackmail of Sun Yat Sen, the first President of the Chinese republic, and brother of the revolution which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty in 1912.

It was accomplished by an employee of the Chinese Customs who was of doubtful character, and witnessed by the writer.

On a hot and sultry day in the summer of 1916, the Japanese Mail Steamer, *Maikuma Maru*, from Europe and bound to Shanghai and Japan, wended her way up the many

intricate bends of the Whangpoo River leading to her mooring buoy at Shanghai.

I had been detained for duty on board this vessel, and was the first to step on board, when the gangway was lowered.

I leaved over the rail of the barranette deck, watching this swirling mass of yiding humanity, when I noticed near the ship, sampans with their hoods down, concealing the occupants. They were patrolling the length of the vessel, and occasionally, when they came close to the gangway, the hood would be partially raised by the occupants to

scrutinize the passengers leaving by other sampans. The Custom's launch arrived, pushing her way through the massed sampans to the gangway. As the launch bumped alongside the gangway, so emerged from the cabin, seven stalwart Custom Officers of various nationalities, the leader, and officer-in-charge, being a Britisher whom I will call Jones, which was not his real name. These men were the Custom searchers arriving on board to search the vessel for contraband.

Jones was known to me, and to many other junior officers as amiable and often we wondered why it was that such a person should be placed in a position he seemed unfit to occupy.

I watched Jones, the officer-in-charge, dispute his staff to search various parts of the vessel, after which he directed his steps to the saloon, where he undoubtedly intended to quench his thirst.

I followed shortly after, and walked through the saloon. My supposition had proved correct, for he was sitting comfortably alongside of a glass of beer having a drowsy conversation with one of the junior saloon stewards. When I made my presence known, their conversation ceased, and in company they left the saloon.

Thirty minutes later, I was surprised to see Jones and his staff leaving the ship. This meant that the ship had not been searched. Their business did not concern me, so I continued with my duty.

Three days later Jones was suspended from duty, and the six men comprising his staff were immediately

discharged from the Custom Service. Such a mass dismissal had never been previously known, and I made it my business to inquire from one of the discharged officers, the reason, and learned the following:—

On the day that I had seen Jones in the saloon of the *Maikuma Maru*, he had been approached by the Japanese steward whom I had seen him conversing with, over a bottle of beer. He wished to know whether Jones was the officer-in-charge. When answered in the affirmative, he stated that he had some good information to impart, which entailed thousands of Yen for Jones, and 500 Yen for himself.

Jones, not having joined the Customs for the benefit of his health only, but a sympathetic ear to any suggestion where money was concerned.

"You promise me," said the steward, "five hundred Yen, I will tell you something good, and you can make plenty of money."

Jones left for the stateroom and the contract was sealed.

"You go," said the steward, "to number six cabin and you will see two Chinese passengers. One is dressed in European, and the other in Chinese clothes. The one in Chinese clothes is the servant. You tell the servant that you know he is Sun Yat Sen. He will be very frightened and pay you plenty of money to keep quiet. Only the Captain and myself know that he is Sun Yat Sen."

"But how do you know that he is Sun Yat Sen?" questioned Jones.

"I never tell a lie," answered the Jap with a grin. "If he refuses to pay, you tell him you will talk to

the men in the sampans on the river who are waiting to shoot him. Every time a Japanese ship came to Shanghai from England, sampans watch for him and think he is on board, and will tell him if they have a chance. You tell him so, he will be very frightened, and pay you any money."

He walked away grinning, leaving Jones to get on with the good work.

Jones proceeded to search the cabin and entered, assuming that he was compelled to search the cabin. He addressed them in English, but was not answered.

"You don't speak English?" he asked the servant. "Perhaps if I tell you that you see San Yat Sen, you will understand very well."

The servant jumped up from the floor of the cabin and closed the cabin door, admitting that he was San Yat Sen, making use of perfect English. He requested Jones, being a Chinese Government employee, not to mention that he was on board, as he was travelling incognito.

Thus Jones procured on one condition only, that he be paid for his silence. San Yat Sen refused the condition until he was faced with the alternative of paying Yen 40,000 or being exposed. He agreed to buy Jones' silence for Yen 30,000, promising not to expose the matter. So Jones left the ship, Yen 30,000 richer than when he first went on board thirty minutes previously, paying his informant Yen 500, which he had promised.

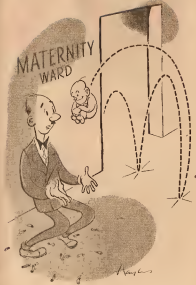
It looked like an easy blackmail racket; but the consequences were complicated.

It was certainly easy money, but Jones was not aware that the only little Japanese steward had left the ship to enjoy life on his ill-gotten wealth in the bad lands of Shanghai. He also had found a golden opportunity, and on the following day approached Jones for an additional Yen 500. Jones had already given to each of his staff a thousand yen per year, and so part with another five hundred was rather hard. However, he paid, he could do nothing else, and the smiling little Jap left happily.

On the following day, Jones forwarded the balance of his money by draft to England. Time awaiting the Jap once again put in an appearance, demanding still another five hundred yen. This was the straw that broke the camel's back, and instead of receiving more money, was presented with the use of Jones' boat.

This was a dire result to the son of Heaven, and he immediately proceeded to the Custom House and exposed the whole matter. Jones admitted his lapse into temptation, and explained what he had done with the money. The draft was stopped en route and returned to Shanghai, and the money forwarded to San Yat Sen. When all was settled, Jones was discharged and sent home, where he was conscripted for war service in France, and ultimately met his death.

The only portion of the story which is untrue, is the name of the Blacklander which I have refrained from mentioning, as he made amends for his deed by giving his life, that we may retain five citizens.





Your imagination is stimulated and your sympathy swayed by what you hear as well as what you see.

LOUIS Applebaum is 30 years of age, a music composer—and unique. He is unique in that while other composers are eager to seek fame and fortune in Hollywood, he has deliberately turned his back on all these.

Applebaum's reason for rejecting the many Hollywood offers he has received is that "so few of the films are worthwhile in respect that they show any interest or any awareness of important sociological and political developments." As an alternative to fringing away his time and a possible \$1,000 a month in the Cullinville City, he stays in Canada at one-fourth of that salary and writes background music for the National Film Board.

Applebaum has already written the musical backgrounds for two Hollywood productions, and knows all the angles to the business. During the making of the film, "Tomorrow the World," he was given the task of creating the right degree of suspense while a Nazi-embittered boy crouched up behind his small cot with a pistol. The effect was gained by the introduction of a new variation which, beginning almost inaudibly, increased in volume until it reached crescendo, then abruptly ceased. The technique was simple: Applebaum merely recorded the sound of a gang being strangled—and played the recording backwards.

Hollywood's reason for wanting Applebaum was elementary: whether

you realize it or not—and, exactly, you're not supposed to—music is present at least 50 per cent. of the time in the majority of films. This time includes the music in the outright musical shows in which are featured compositions by the "straight" melody-makers, such as Cole Porter, Johnny Mercer, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and Burke and Van Heusen.

The latter team, incidentally, write exclusively for Bing Crosby. This makes them about the best-paid composers in Hollywood, for they split \$30,000 a year.

Much of their success is due to the fact that their songs are written in Crosby's voice range, and with attention to his peculiar type of delivery.

These men, however, are the published composers of Hollywood, who not only receive screen credits, but whose songs, written originally for films, might eventually find their way to *The Hit Parade*. This happened to the Barlow-Van Heusen opus, "Swingin' on a Star," which stayed at the top of that public opinion barometer for 20 weeks.

A good deal less well-known than these song-writers are the men who write the incidental music for screen plays, for their music has no longer life than the film. Devoiced from the action and plot of the show, the melodies are often meaningless. If it weren't, it would probably defeat the first object in being used—to create a mood without distracting the audience's attention from the play.

According to H. W. Herrshimer, who has studied closely the technique of passing scenes, and published his

observations in a book called "Memento in Film," the music inserted into films has a dual purpose—to influence the audience, and to assist the players.

He quotes as a hypothetical example, the young actress who has a nervous habit of throwing her head up to the air as she is delivering her lines. A composer, he says, can make this less obvious by using music to make it seem that the head throwing is intended. By underscoring, that toss of the head with a strong musical beat, it becomes not a nervous tic, but a deliberate gesture.

Furthermore, music is used to slow down the actress who speaks her lines too fast. The trick, says Herrshimer, is not to select a rhythm that is very much slower, but rather one that trails a little behind her, and does not completely fit into her tempo. This has the effect of making her seem calm and collected when actually she is performing too quickly.

By somewhat the same subtle means, a fat man can be made to appear fatter, and a thin man thinner.

All the major film companies in Hollywood permanently employ these "film doctors." Salaries vary from three to six, and they may write scores for up to 10 pictures each year. Dean of the background music composers is Max Steiner, who was composing for films as far back as 1930.

He says that when, in that year, John Ford produced "The Lost Patrol," the story of which was the vicissitudes of a group of men lost in the desert, a week screening revealed that the picture lacked ten-

sion in the appropriate places. One of the chief difficulties was that during a fight between the men and a band of invisible Arabs, the fact that the tribesmen were invisible failed to stir up excitement in the hearts of the audience.

It was suggested to Steiner that music might cross the illusion that the audience was actually seeing the Arabs. He wrote a score, and although the Arabs remained invisible, it was obvious that when a member of the patrol fell, it was to a tribesman's bullet. In other words, says Max Steiner, music had supplied the missing suspense.

Hennrichsen points out that it has always been accepted that music was essential to a moving picture. Even in the days when Pauline Frederick was weekly being placed in front of crashing trains, it was the pianist or small orchestra that helped the suspense. Thus, in the days of the "silent," it was the habit of producers to screen the show before a music woman, who made note of apt musical notes, from which a list called a cue sheet was made and dispatched to every theatre in the country at which the film was to be shown.

It would probably include every fact of music from "William Tell" to "Hearts and Flowers," with prolonged minutes when the orchestra demanded them.

For this service, the cut-sheet boys were rewarded with salaries ranging from \$2 to \$3—small they got wise, and instead of misrepresenting the music of some long dead composer, started to write the music themselves.

One of the boys, Max Winkler, eventually published an encyclopedia

which supplied the right kind of music for any setting, whether it was in Abyssinia or Zanzibar.

"The villain," observes this handy guide to the silent film exhibitor, "ordinarily can be represented by any signpost, of which there are thousands. Distinction should be made between sneaky, bounteous, crafty, powerful, and volens-unvolens villains. Each can be dealt with in his own tempo with good effect.

"A crafty villain who does not exhibit any physical villainy in the course of the picture can be easily described by a discomfited chair being held tremolo and very soft. If the villain happens to be of the brute type, and indulges in lots of physical activities, a fast-moving number would be more apt.

Sometimes you have a villain whose power to do evil is mighty, but he achieves such evil deeds without any physical activities, in which case chords, slow and heavy, should be a proper synchronization."

The result was the sort of music you sometimes hear when your favorite radio station is broadcasting a parody on the old-time theatre. And, at that, you are now left in doubt concerning the identity of the hero or villain, and although you might enter into the spirit of the thing and laugh in a good-natured manner when you recall how simply our immediate forbears took their entertainment, pause now for a moment, and listen to the philosophy of H. W. Hennrichsen:

"The next time you go to a movie watch the music around the villain, won't you. We might laugh about the hats or airplanes of 1925. But did we really progress so much?"



How medical men make an income out of the medical imaginations of people who are frightened to be well.

RAY HEATH



The PAIN THAT WASN'T THERE

THE other day an apparently healthy friend of mine mentioned a conversation that he'd just come from one of his routine visits to his specialist.

He's not a highly imaginative man, nor is he the coldly-rational-from-winter-dile type. For two years and several for that.

"Your specialist?" I asked an eyebrow.

He nodded. "For two years," he said. "I've known I'm dying of cancer."

This was such a fantastic statement that I wondered whether he was joking.

"Really," he assured me. Then he told me the story—the collapse, the consultation, the verdict "three months to live, with an operation in two years."

The operation was a great success. After convalescence he lived as though he were perfectly healthy; but the lovers of the calendar ficked over.

Two years, he had. And that, he had just told me, was two years ago. Sometimes it is hard not to be embarrassed in the presence of such unimpeachable courage.

"Are you in pain?" I asked.
"No, no pain. Not yet. In fact, no symptoms, yet. You see, I've felt perfectly well since the operation; but at any time I will begin to notice the symptoms of the end. They'll come quite suddenly, and my doctor has told me what they are. I shall report them to him when I feel them."

"And then?" I asked.
He shrugged. "Six weeks, two months—" He did not finish.

The remarkable thing about it was that, knowing exactly what to expect any morning of his life, this courageous man felt no pain, did not feel the symptoms, went on living—and part of his living is to make other people laugh.

The experience of medical men is that, in twenty-five cases out of any hundred, the man would have commenced reporting the symptoms to his doctor in three to six months after the operation. Not because of any worse affliction—but because he would have imagined the symptoms. Knowing what to expect, he'd have convinced himself that this or that pain or feeling had now set in, even though it had not.

A doctor told me that One day an old patient of his a healthy middle-aged man came to his surgery.

It's a professional call this time, doctor," he said. "I've got appendicitis."

The doctor smiled. "How do you know?" he said.

The man had pains in his right side; he had to be down to ease the pain. It was a constant dull ache for the last twenty-four hours.

"Well, you're one man who can diagnose his own ill, apparently," the doctor said. "You make it sound like appendicitis to me. We'd better get it out."

The man, prominent in business and busy, wanted to know whether the operation could set him free for three months while he attended to some urgent affairs, so they agreed that an X-ray would tell.

The X-ray told all right. It told as much about the man's mind as

about his body—for not only was the appendix perfectly healthy, but it was one of those feckless appendices which was abnormally placed on the man's left side—so that with him an ache in the right side would probably never be appendicitis.

But the doctor did furnish out the basic facts—that there had been a pretty heavy discussion about appendicitis and their symptoms after bodge a few nights earlier. The man's imagination had done the rest.

A friend of mine ring me one evening and asked me if I could take his little boy to a doctor in a hurry. The boy had just been bitten with a red-back spider. The man was sure of this, since he had caught the spider, and the bite was obvious on the boy's body.

We went to the doctor.

The doctor took a very easy view of it, squirted an injection into the bite, and said the boy might be in a little pain or fever for twenty-four hours, but he'd be all right, and there was no need to worry.

My friend was appalled at the apparent casualness of this. The doctor smiled (how often they do that) and answered that of thousands of red-back spider bites he had known and treated in Queensland, not one had proved really dangerous, let alone fatal.

"But," my friend said, "I know cases where people have died of these bites."

"They've died after the bite, but not because of them," he said; "and my guess would be that they've died of fear."

He illustrated by telling of a man

who was bitten by a snake, and driven twenty-five miles to a doctor for treatment. He was dead when he arrived—but dead of heart failure: the snake was a common, harmless *non-venus*.

The power of suggestion is a strong and terrible thing, when it is undisciplined. Countless women in middle life imagine themselves into a state which calls for a major operation—the main cause of these operations are often the woman's self-conviction that she needs one.

How far this imagining of ill can go is well known—and it is also known that, from a persistent imagination, the trouble which was originally imagined may develop.

Most histories of hypnosis, and auto-suggestion, quote reliable cases like that: a man is put into a trance, and a piece of newspaper is gummed on his arm. The hypnotist suggests to him that the piece of newspaper is really a blister. The subject comes out of the trance, the piece of paper is removed—and under it is really a blister! The blister is caused by the action of the man's mind upon the nerve centres emphasized by the covering stamp paper.

It is frequent to discover patients who imagine that they have brain tumours, that they are going mad, that they have blood pressure—in fact, they pick what they choose, on the basis that they have aching nerves in the ears, feelings of dizziness, lassitude, and so on. Often the cause of the head aches (which are real) and the dizziness and lassitude (which are also real) is simply strain, which is blocking the nasal passages and poisoning the system.

But strain is too simple an answer—the imagination prefers to make a martyr of its owner by suggesting blood pressure, or worse.

The doctor who inevitably is consulted is no magician. Often he is able, as in the case of imaginary appendix, to say that this is not an appendix at all—but often there is a possibility that the symptoms are what the patient believes, and the business of finding out is important—because the doctor cannot afford the risk of ignoring a possible serious illness.

Normal behaviour, the doctors agree, is to report the reason for coming—and to await the expert's pronouncement. Abnormal behaviour is to over-describe symptoms and advance a sort of *leprosy* diagnosis.

The doctors' biggest fear is that this suggestion of symptoms, and the self-diagnosis, may obscure a real assessment of the case and it is generally agreed that the patient who indulges in this excessive *use* of his illness (really a form of self-pity) is actually hindering the doctor.

Most important of all, however, is the fact that by his worrying about symptoms, and by his imagining pains that aren't actually there, the patient has betrayed an anxiety neurosis—that is, a state of mind which convinces him of ill he has no real reason to fear.

Thousands of people a year find their ways into doctors' surgeries for this simple reason—they imagine or worry themselves there, because of some mental misadjustment. To many of them, the imagined ill is a way of escape from the battle of life—but that again, is another story.



"I made this dress out of an old electric blanket!"

Three bedrooms or two



THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 41)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.J.A.

His home is the greatest single investment the average man ever makes. No other expenditure made in an ordinary lifetime approaches it. It is the most important thing that it is open to most men to do.

Like matrimony, it should not be entered into wantonly, or without due thought and consideration. With practically all his savings at stake and a large portion of his income mortgaged for the next twenty years, it behoves every man to think deeply before taking the plunge.

For it is easy to make a mistake—and mistakes in home building are usually costly. Often they are never rectified, but remain for ever a thorn in the side of the home owner.

Mistakes generally occur through a too eager rushing into things, without giving the preliminary planning the proper amount of thought. It is rarely,

even with the most experienced planner, that the right plan comes easily. There is so much to be taken into consideration—the location and slope of the site, its aspect, surroundings and general appearance. The living plan of the home builder, the size of their family and of their income, and a hundred other little points—all should receive their due consideration.

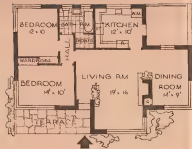
Home planning, these days, is so bound up with restrictions that a good plan inevitably takes precedence over any other type of layout. The day when a little space could be sacrificed in obtaining a spectacular or other effect, have faded into the past, and for a long time to come, it would appear that all home planning will have to be measured by the "squares" yardstick.

Cavalade this month suggests a plan that has compactness of layout as its principal feature. There is an absolute minimum of lost space, and anything else that can be dispensed with has been.

The entrance is across a stone-paved terrace, which can become additional space for outdoor living. It is without cover, but the entrance door is recessed to afford protection from the weather. The door opens directly into the living room, which is, however, screened to some extent by a wide high pedestal to carry flower troughs. The living room is fairly large, and its

(Continued on page 50)





furniture scheme is centered around an open fireplace. The fireplace partly divides the living room from the dining room, but a wide opening gives an air of spaciousness, and permits the use of these two rooms as one, for entertainment purposes.

The kitchen is fitted up with every modern convenience, and is placed so that there is direct service to the dining room. In order to conserve space, and to avoid the cost of building a separate laundry, a spin-drying type washing machine is built in with the other kitchen fixtures.

On this page is shown an alternative plan on the same general lines as the original, but altered to contain two bedrooms instead of three. In both plans the bedrooms are grouped in a section of their own, which also includes the bathroom. Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe, so that the maximum use can be made of the floor space. The rooms in themselves are not large, but the inclusion of the wardrobes adds to the effectiveness of the available area. The bathroom is quite up-to-date in its layout and fittings, and in each plan there is a separate shower recess. A large and roomy linen cupboard is incorporated in the three bedroom plan.

In the perspective sketch, a semi-modern appearance is given the house, but the plan is sufficiently flexible to allow quite a variety of finishes. The fittings required to accommodate this house is 55 feet. The building cost, at the rate of £150 per square, would be £2020 for the three-bedroom house, and £1680 for the two-bedroom house.

Unusual!



NO other Venetian Blind has so many exclusive features, as the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Flexible Venetian Blind. Note these outstanding features of the Aberdeen class.

1. Frictionless tape drive, ensures smooth and silent operation, plus extra long life of tape and slats.
2. Slat adjusting dust-proof rib gear gives fractional adjustment of slats to any desired angle, whilst they remain still aligned. When closed they ensure complete privacy.
3. Automatic locking device allows raising, lowering and locking of blind with only one cord.
4. Universal and break-out simplifies erection.
5. New brackets enable tapes to be removed or replaced as desired.

And here are additional features to make the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Blind unsurpassable—desirable.

- Complete Protection.
- Fire Resistant.
- Flexible.
- Laminated.
- Easy to clean.
- Holds.
- Lightweight.
- Fire Resistant.
- Cannot chip, crack, or flake.
- Simple to erect.

Delivery in approximately 12 weeks.
SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BROCKET TO DIST. 2.
33 REGENT ST., SYDNEY

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All Metal (Pat.) Flexible Venetian Blind.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

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ALSO MAKERS OF FINE CANVAS GOODS FOR OVER 33 YEARS.



These are massive, even and strong, the opposite of the ordinary—of the kind that they hang back to front stage.



UNAFFECTED IN ANY CLIMATE.



EASY TO CLEAN. A bit of a duster and "Aberdeen" Blinds are free from dust, flaking, fading, staining.



Cavalcade's Picture Story

WALT DISNEY, nothing if not thorough, knew from the very start that when he brought his cartoons to life he'd have to make them talk, and away back when Mickey Mouse was his staple, Walt himself did all the talking for Mickey, until everything went with a bang. His problem, however, was not simply to provide a voice for Mickey; he had, as time went on, to find a complete range of voices to suit his characters.

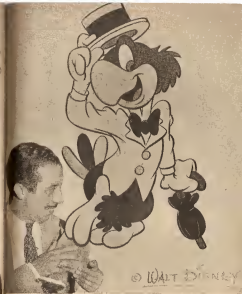
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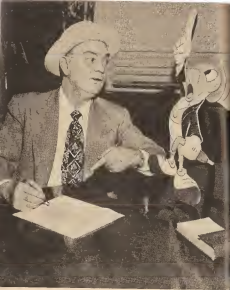
FIRST MAJOR HURDLE was Donald Duck, originally a small-part player in a Silly Symphony. When Donald took the limelight the Disney studio (a Mecca for animal resistors) remembered him, brown-eyed little Clarence Nash, who had been auditioned a year before. What Clarence (now "Ducky" Nash) did with his part in "The Wise Little Hen" had a lot to do with Donald Duck's subsequent popularity—and "Ducky" Nash's own career, too.



PINTO COLVIG, a man of many voices, is a definite loss to the live stage but when it comes to putting words into the mouth of the famous dog Goofy Pinto does plenty. Pinto Colvig joined the Disney lot long before Goofy. He did many voices for Disney animals, but they were just jobs. Pluto, then Goofy were the perfect outlet for the best of his imitative talent.



AFTER A TRIP to South America Walt planned a film to set down his impressions of the Latin, called it "Saludos, Amigos" and introduced a Brazilian parrot. For the parrot's voice he tested several Brazilian actors, chose Jose Oliveira, who had the proper accent and correct mannerisms for the part. Guitar-playing, Samba-dancing Oliveira doesn't mind the parrot being called Jose too.



CLIFF EDWARDS used to be "Ukulele Ike". He was so well known in entertainment circles that when Walt Disney created *Jerry the Mouse* for *Pinocchio* there seemed to be only one possible actor to get the right scrap-liking cricket sound. Cliff it was, and Cliff it has been ever since. The voices of Disney characters, now you've met them, are important and impressive people.



CLARA CLUCK, the opera-singing hen, might never have come about had not Florence Gill, scholarly musician and vocalist, risen to the heights of opera and had to feign it because her health was not strong enough. She went to America, lived in California, and one day, while humming "Swanee River", clucked a far fun, thought it sounded good, took the note along to Disney. "How would you like an opera-clucking hen?" she asked. Disney decided that he'd like it fine.



Study by Roy

Understanding Hearts

"Sam, you're surly!"
 Right and early
 That's the way a wife can speak,
 Just because you heat your surly
 frame from bed while muscles crack—
 Just because you're not awake yet
 Broke is free, and body weak.
 You stumble
 For the morning gas-jet, grumble
 As at it you peck,
 On your nuzzle
 Set the kettle—
 Take the tea in "it's too weak!"
 "What you need," she says, surprising,
 "Is a night out with the boys!"
 Drinks the too-weak tea, and rising
 Unps you to bachelor joys
 "You work hard, dear
 "Men aren't engano,"
 She says, you fear
 Some fearful vengeance
 Hidden in her kindly tone
 But still you plan a night with Dan
 And Charles—a night that's all your own
 You have the night,
 Bright light and boozing
 Near-forgotten bachelor joys,
 Cheers, gay good cheer you're seeing
 When you, poor misbegotten, leave the boys
 You're just about to let the waitress
 When you get a sudden peep—
 It seizes you, and wakens you
 You cannot sleep. You creep and look
 And see the rather sumptuous new fur
 Dangling grimly from its hook.
 Sleep deserts you, drink-glow's gone
 From jumbled ideas
 Is your skull bobbing
 Appears the truth of what she's done
 Your great night out has been a play-off
 To scathe for what you've got to pay
 You lie and morn and try to follow
 The wiles of a wily woman's way.
 So, sleepless, comes the dawn of day
 You start to dawdle, you hear her say,
 "Wake up, dear, it's bright and early
 "Hope your night out went all well
 "Saw—oh, Sam! You're not still surly?"
 It's just the same if you were gone
 You'd murmur, "Go to hell!"

Morris McLeod



MAGIC TOWN



PICTURE STORY OF THE WELLMAN FILM, STARRING JAMES STEWART AND ZANE WYMAN, RELEASED BY RKO. ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN ~

PUBLIC OPINION POLLS ARE BIG BUSINESS IN AMERICA. MEET ROP SMITH, POLL EXPERT, ON HIS WAY DOWN UNTIL HE HEARS ABOUT GRANDVIEW ~~~~~



GRANDVIEW, THE NORMAL AMERICAN TOWN, A POLL MADE BY ONE OF ROP'S AGENTS SHOWS HE CAN GET ACCURATE COUNTS ON PUBLIC OPINION JUST BY POLLING GRANDVIEW



WARRER, GALLUP AND OTHERS TAKE WEEKS TO POLL NATIONAL OPINION. ROP CAN DO THE SAME JOB IN A DAY AT GRANDVIEW, SCOOTING THEM ALL ~~~~~



SO THIS IS MAGIC TOWN! ALL WE DO NOW IS HOPE. NOTHING CHANGES AROUND HERE FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS, AND WE'LL CLEAN UP! --- MAYBE!



ROP AND HIS FRIENDS, THE AND TWIGGLES, WILL POSE AS INSURANCE MEN TO COVER THEIR POLLING ACTIVITIES ~~~~~



BUT ROP, VISITING THE MAYOR, IS STARTLED TO HEAR A GUY, MARY, ASKING PROGRESS FOR GRANDVIEW. TWO DOES NOT SUIT ROP'S PLANS. -- GRANDVIEW MUST GO AHEAD ~~~~~



WHILE MY FATHER EDITED THE LOCAL PAPER, HE ASKED FOR A NEW HIGH SCHOOL AND CIVIC CENTRE. IN HIS SHOES NOW, I'M MAKING THE SAME THINGS!



ROP CRASHES THE MEETING AND TALKS OVERWHELMINGLY AGAINST CIVIC PROGRESS FOR GRANDVIEW. MARY'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF HIM IS NOT A GOOD ONE ~~~~~

DON'T CHANGE, GRANDVIEW! IT'S PERFECT AS IT IS!



NEXT DAY, EDITOR TELLS THE OFFICES OF THE DREAMVIEW NEWSPAPER, AND AGAIN MEET'S MARY, WHO, AS EDITOR HAS WRITTEN HER CANDID OPINIONS OF HIM.

WHO IS EDITOR HERE? I HAVE A COMPLAINT TO MAKE!



RIP DIDN'T SELL MUCH INSURANCE WHILE HE WAS COACHING THE BASKETBALL TEAM, SHARING SOOAS WITH MARY, AND GETTING TO KNOW AND USE THE TOWN PEOPLE.

RAVE TO ME, RIP!



AND HIS FRIEND TWIDDLE IS DOING THE SAME THING IN OTHER PARTS OF GRANDVIEW.

YES, MY SON GOES TO HIGH SCHOOL, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE SELLING INSURANCE?



BUT SOMEHOW, WHEN HE SAW MARY, THE IDEA OF COMPLAINTS WENT RIGHT OUT OF RIP'S MIND. HE NOTICED SHE HAD NICE EYES, PRETTY HAIR...

YOU WANTED TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE STORY?



HIS FRIEND IKE IS WEARING HIS EARS OPEN, GETTING THE DRIFT OF LOCAL OPINION ON PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION.

TOO MUCH SMART EDUCATION, THAT'S THE TROUBLE.



WITH THE FIRST POLL COMPLETED, RIP WILL KNOW NOW WHETHER HIS SYSTEM IS SUPERIOR. THE END OF HIS STRUGGLE FROM POVERTY TO SECURITY IS IN SIGHT.

THERE THEY ARE! WHAT DREAMVIEW THINKS!



Winterproof with
NEW MOBIL OIL

NEW Mobiloil

GIVES:

- Quicker Starting
- A Cleaner Engine
- Perfect Lubrication
- Longer Engine Life
- Improved Performance
- Complete Protection at All Speeds & Temperatures



KEEP YOUR ENGINE
Mobiloil clean

VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD. (INC. IN AUSTRALIA)



ASK FOR Mobiloil - THE WORLD'S QUALITY OIL

BY NOW IT IS OBVIOUS THAT RUP AND MARY HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE -- AND NOW RUP'S CONSCIENCE ABOUT THE WAY HE IS FOOGLING HER AND GRANDVIEW?



WHEN IKE CALLS NEW YORK, HE TELLS RUP THAT GRANDVIEW IS ALL THEY WERE, AND THE CONTRACTS ARE TO BE RENEWED...

SO WE PULLED IT OFF, IKE?



MARY IS REALLY MAD AT RUP NOW, AND WRITES A STORY THAT BLOWS HIS SYSTEM WIDE OPEN!



WHEN IKE SUGGESTS HE PLAY STRAIGHT, RUP TELLS HIM HE HAS GONE TOO FAR TO QUIT...



BAD LUCK FOR RUP, BUT MARY COMES LOOKING FOR HIM, OVERHEARS HIS TALK WITH IKE, AND FINDS RUP SHOWING HIS LITTLE GAME IN GRANDVIEW...

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LEAD ME TO THESE ALL — A MERICAN GUINEA PIG!



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COME ON NOW! CAST YOUR VOTE!



RIP IN NEW YORK, SEES THE MUCH-PUNISHED RESULTS OF GRANDVIEW'S FIRST INDEPENDENT POLL—SEVENTY NINE PERCENT IN FAVOR OF A WOMAN FOR PRESIDENT!



THE SEVENTY NINE PERCENT POLL TURNED OUT SO FINE, WEIRD THAT GRANDVIEW CHANGED OVERNIGHT FROM MAGIC TOWN TO LAUGHING-STOCK, LOSING ITS HUMILITY. THE TOWN HAD LOST EVERYTHING.



NOW THAT THE TROUBLE HAS BURST IT IS UP TO RIP TO GO BACK AND TRY TO REPAIR SOME OF THE DAMAGE. HE HAS GONE.....

NOW YOU SHOULD GO BACK, RIP!



SO RIP GOES BACK TO GRANDVIEW...



...AND THIS IS WHAT HE FINDS



RIP FINDS MARY IN THE TOWN HALL ROOM THAT USED TO BE THE CENTRE OF TOWN LIFE. BEFORE THE DOWNFALL, NOW IT IS DESERTED.....



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OH, RIP, I'M GLAD YOU CAME BACK!



RIP LEARNS THAT, ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE IN TOWN, THE PAPER IS IN THE RED AND MUST BE SOLD...

BUT YOU CAN'T SELL THE PAPER!

WE HAVE TO, RIP...



CELEBRATING TO TRY AND GET THE TOWN ON ITS FEET AGAIN, RIP FINDS HIMSELF UP AGAINST A WALL OF ADVERTISING.

LOOK, MR. MADGE, YOU CAN'T JUST LET THE TOWN GO TO PIECES LIKE THIS! WHAT CAN WE DO, RIP?



DICKY WORKS IS APOPE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN WHERE A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL PLANS TO SELL THE CIVIC CENTRE AS IT STANDS, UNFINISHED...

ARE YOU SURE IT'S LEGAL?

I HOLD AN INTEREST IN THE CIVIC CENTRE. WHY SHOULDN'T I SELL IT?



ONE OF RIP'S BACKSTREETALL FANS OVERHEARS THE SHADY DEAL AND TELLS MR. MADGE. SHEED HER PLAN GOING OVERBOARD AGAIN. RIP HAS AN IDEA!

SO HE'S GOING TO SELL OUT, RIP!

BUT HE CAN'T DO THAT! IT BELONGS TO THE TOWN!



RIP'S IDEA IS A DESPERATE ONE. HE KNOWS MANY TO PRINT SOME OF THE GRAND SPEECHES MADE WHEN THE TOWN WAS BOOMING!

HERE THEY ARE! ALL THE GRAND SPEECHES!

DON'T WELL PRINT THEM!



CONFRONTED BY THEIR FINE WORDS THE MAYOR AND OTHER COUNCILLORS ARE MAJORED AND MARY--A HEALTHY SIGN--

BUT I SAID THAT A YEAR AGO!



BUT MARKED A SPEECH THAT TURNS THE TIDE AGAINST LETHARGY GRANDVIEW IS NOT LUCKY YET

WHY NOT FIGHT BACK? MAKE THIS A MODEL TOWN--BUILT WITH YOUR BACKHANDS AND SHOW THE WORLD GRANDVIEW CAN TAKE IT!



AND NOW POLICE--REMEMBER THAT LITTLE TOWN THAT MADE SUCH A BIG FOOL OF ITSELF? --THIS IS A STORY! A STORY OF HOW A LITTLE TOWN MADE A COMEBACK TO WIRE THE

SMILES OFF OUR FACES AND TEACH US A LESSON!



STAINED OUT OF THEIR LETHARGY WHEN MADE TO LOOK FOOLISH, THE CITIZENS ARE AFTER KIPP'S BLOOD--BUT NONE CAN DENY THEY MADE THE SPEECHES!

WELL GIVE YOU FOR THIS MAKING FOOLS OF SMITH!

US! (YOUNG MAN) SEND HIM BACK TO NEW YORK!

WAIT!



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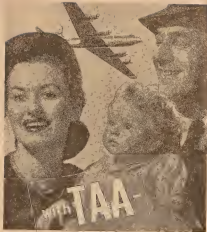
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STUPE

♦ WALTER SPEARMAN

What happened was the breaking of a dam and the spilling of emotions.

THIS Stupe Komlenko was forty. He was huge like the side of a building, with slightly hunched shoulders.

He used to be a wonder, but he was stupid when he started and more stupid when he finished. The quick-thinking, clever western had it all

over him like a tent, but they could only beat him on points. No one ever passed him for a fall. His strength saved him from that.

That night he left the bar earlier than usual. People stopped to look at him, hatched and gawped in his looping stride. His thoughts were concentrated on his brother Jan.

"Jim'll beat him," and Soup, over and over again.

Jan Kowalek was twenty-eight, built of steel and concrete, fast, and rapidly coming to the top. As a man he was not very nice to know. He had a cherubish face and a habit of throwing his weight around. He wanted it well recognized that it didn't do to tread on his toes. He even treated his brother like dirt, calling him a thousand things that described Snake as definitely dead from the neck up.

"What's my blue sun?" Jun
Koroimika snapped one night.

Stupe's little eyes blinked, and he
tapping his head to one side "Blue
sue?" he asked vacantly.

"Blue suit. Don't tell me you've gone and sent it to the cleaners?"

"Cleaner?" The putrid brown disappeared from Stupe's brow. "Yes, Jan, I sent your blue suit to the cleaner!"

"Hell, you're a silly bastard. That suit only came back from the cleaners two days ago, and I haven't worn it since. I told you to send the guy out. Didn't I? Didn't I?"

"Yes, Jim, you told me to send the gear out, Jim."

"Then why the hell didn't you? You stupid . . . " Ah— " He swung

a buck handed to Stage's check, and
the blow resounded.

"Just a minute—you did what I told you about the dinner—"

"I did what you told me about the dressing gown," answered the

"You read, Jim, you read. You try decoding given from Wallace's shop and take it to Jerome Morose's."

"You ape! You stupid chink! said you nothing like that. I said 'Get my dressing gown from Jeanne Marie—because Jeanne is embarrassing my name on it—and leave it at Wilson's shop where I can pick it up to-morrow.'"

Another swipe across the face, and Jim Karpakow, his visage thunder-dark with passion, hurled the door shut in his brother's face, so that it banged against Stupe's forehead. He began to walk down the stairs. The door was flung open, and Jim's rage-laden voice yelled: "You go and get it now and take it along to the strikers."

"I take it along, Jim," said Stage. That was all.

That was the way with Snape Korolinski—he had a dog-like devotion to his brother.

Now he walked down the street towards the train stop. He could have caught the train at any stop along that road, but he always went to the one he was familiar with: that he was habituated to as the setting-off point to Jérôme's place.

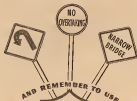
He rode three seasons. He was twenty years from Joannes gave when a young child jockey. "Well, look who's coming. Hello, Son."

Stupe looked hard as he walked up, slow reflexes working. Then he grinned: "It's Link Barry there, Halls, Link Barry." Next moved



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cobbers, isn't we?"

"Yeah, we're cobbers, Little Benny."

Stape smiled, the muscles of his face twitching. He sincerely liked Little Benny. They would have a drink together, and Little Benny was always at the stadium, rooting.

Give him a few under the belt, and Little Benny would start: "You was a great wanderer, Stape. I seen you beat some of the best men in the game. You remember Levinski?"

"Yeah, I remember," said Stape, though he didn't. And he would laugh with gleeful pride: "I beat him up, didn't I?"

"You sure did, brother, you sure did."

Then Stape would say: "And in your time, Little Benny, you were a good jockey. You rode horses and you won."

Now in the train he drew on his cigarette and leaned over to Stape's car. "Say, Stape, if I was you, I wouldn't say anything to Jim about you seeing me and Jennie at the gate."

"No, Little Benny."

"You know," Little Benny said. "I really just happened to be passing when I saw Jennie there and pulled up for a bit of a yarn. No need to mention it. You know what Jim is."

"Jim is all right."

They left the train, pulled up Jim's dressing gown, and went on to the stadium. There were long queues outside, and people crowding through the doors. Stape went to the dressing room, Little Benny with him. There were six or seven other men in there and Jim Keroloko was putting up and down like a tiger

He looked up and his lips curled back over his teeth. "Where you been, Dumb-bell?"

Various expressions appeared on the faces of the men. Little Benny, looking around them all, roared: "Why the blazes don't you paste him one, you big slag?"

Suddenly, Stape's calm seemed to anger Jim all the more; or perhaps he wanted to follow up his abuse with a demonstrative exhibition of his despondency. He bunched his fist and swung it around to crack on Stape's jaw.

"You don't want to do them things, Jim," he said.

Jim snarled, and brought his arm around to jab the elbow in Stape's stomach. Stape didn't move fast, but he grabbed it and held it. A start came into everyone. Even Jim's eyes opened in surprise at this opposition.

"Let me go, or I'll flatten you!"

Stape took his hand away, and turned to take off his clothes. The back broke and men began to jabber. Jim pulled on his dressing gown, and sat down talking to one of the newspaper reporters.

Fifteen minutes later he walked down the aisle and clanked into the ring. There were boos and catcalls, and a quick temper showed on Jim's face. His curly hair glimmered like black oil under the area. He stretched around in the crowd on the terrace for Jennie, saw him and waved.

Then Bernadi, tall, weighty, partly bald, came into the ring to a tumult of sound. He sat in his corner and stared from under his bushy brows.

"You win to-night, Jim," Stape said.

"How would you know?" Jim

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napped back. He sat down and Stape took his dressing gown.

"What price King Kong?" yelled a wag.

"Ah, shut your face back there," bellowed a supporter.

The bell changed, and both men padded out like bears, circled, and went into the referee's hold. The yelling and shouting began.

"Go for him, Bernadi!"

Then a roaring cheer went up. Bernadi had his man in a body press. But it was only for a few moments. Defiant, speedily, Jim Korolenko freed himself.

Korolenko's face screwed up with pain. His hands clapped spasmodically on the mat. He struggled. Bernadi changed his position. He had his man in a split. Jim Korolenko grunted and started, biting his lips as Bernadi applied the pressure.

Jim bent almost double, swung back again like a spring under the torture, ready at the slightest lull to seize his chance for freedom. When a pause, he kicked and flung himself back, and rolled out under the ropes. The crowd boomed and jeered. He came back into the square. He punched. They looked again, and then the bell rang.

A surf of sound roared. The announcer was talking rapidly.

The bell changed, and the men went out warily again. Suddenly, feeling his stomach, Jim Korolenko stretched upright. His face went deathly pale. His lips quivered. He gave a short dramatic scream and collapsed.

Stape Korolenko stood rigid, staring. Bernadi, the wrestler in the ring, was the same. Then someone

started a movement. Police spring up through the ropes. The referee knelt by the fallen man. A doctor came scurrying down the aisle . . .

Jim Korolenko was dead.

It took two hours for that fact to sink into Stape's brain, and when it did, he realized he was in an office, and there were men in plain clothes about him, and a constable of police sitting in a chair.

A voice was speaking: A small voice coming down a corridor, getting louder and louder, and then it was there at his ear: "Come on, Korolenko, for the last time, why did you kill my brother?"

Stape looked up, his mouth open, his jaw slack: "Kill my brother?" he muttered.

"Yes, why? Why don't you come clean and tell us. You'll make it all the easier for yourself."

"Did someone kill my brother, Jim?" Stape asked.

The police, grim-faced, looked at each other and shook their heads. A constable shrugged, and made a winding motion with his hand near his head. Suddenly Stape Korolenko started them by leaping to his feet and sweeping the chair back from him, shouting: "Who killed Jim? Who killed my brother? You tell me who killed Jim."

Tears blazed in his little eyes. Tactfully, one of the detectives said: "Take it easy, Mr. Korolenko, take it easy. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it." He pushed the big man, and somebody pushed a chair under him.

"Jim was poisoned," the detective went on, laconically. "Criminals. That was why you gave Jim to men his mouth with had cyclide in it. He never

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have swallowed some of it—enough to kill him. What we want to know is why did you do it?"

Stape Karolinko said nothing. He sat numb, sweat streaming down his cheeks.

"Listen," said the detective, "have you got friends?"

Stape nodded.

"Who are they?"

"I've got Little Benny and Miss Jeanette Mearns."

"We've seen them. Anyone else?"

"No one else."

They tried to lead him into admissions, to get a confession, but it was hopeless. Stape Karolinko was still in a daze when they led him away to a cell. Next day he was charged with murder.

Nobody knew how Stape broke out of jail, but he did; and he went straight out to Jeanette Mearns's place. She was soberly looking over a scrapbook of pictures and mementoes that Jim had given her. "He was a great wrestler."

"Yeah," Stape said, sitting on the sofa, unobtrusively in his boots and coat. "A great wrestler."

After a little while Jeanette got up. "I'm going into town, Stape. Got to meet Little Benny. Got to sink your sorrow somehow."

Stape Karolinko went home and stayed inside for two days.

Then he thought, as neither felt about Jeanette Mearns; her words: "Got to meet Little Benny." He felt there was something unfair about that, something underhand. She was Jim's girl. It was like doing something wrong behind his back. And Little Benny—he had no right, either, to be with Jeanette. He wouldn't have gone with her when

What Price Security

"Defence here" is an old, old story, and so is the effort to plan a margin of safety.



To the average Chinese man the idea of insuring property by blocks, a paper mere words and the ordinary word. It was a hard-headed insurer with a bar upon his head who hit at the notion of paying paper money for and finally in this way he hoped to meet the ever-rising tide upon his country. Instead, he found that prices behaved like wild things far lower, and his insurable subjects were quickly ordered to correct their small change in the Chinese equivalent of the market.

In England, after the Nervous Quotient, we find that the first public show were various points of contact with modern insurance practice, and not at last and price to enable the young of either sex to get wide, and, in the words of Lady "my good girl of the gold could secure an unconditional away upon marriage." It is the beginning of endowment assurance for children, the marriage and children's public (which were part made common and part family insurance policy insurance benefit), proved a steady advance in similar name. Between 1916 and 1924, the price of what amounted from 1d to 2d/6— a quarter, rising to the late price when a free labourer's day work

was valued at 1d. in 1924. The confusion of the town was in better view than the village on the land, but his weekly pensioners could hardly have been paid, or worse a reduction made in 1924. The value of a household's furniture in that town was increased in many cases 5/6 to 17/7. Even allowing for the great difference in the purchase value of the pound, this would indicate that most were hard pressed, and it is easy to understand why the public were so well and loudly supported. In an insurance world they gave a sense of brotherhood, and were the one refuge against the uncertainty and apprehension that might so easily engulf a family.

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ONE Smooth on
Glider



TWO Smooth off
Whiskers



THRU



Jim was alive. It wasn't right to should go with her now when Jim wasn't able to protect himself.

The old sense of guardianship welled up in Stupe Karolenko's soul.

And his little brain grasped at other things—other things that were full of significance to it in its pathetic limitations. He fought with himself to remember these other things about Little Benny that kept dipping unawakened, unready, into his mind how he used to have drugs and what he could do with drugs on horses. And poison. Drugs and poison. And Little Benny was in the doctoring room . . . He'd been with him on the train . . . Or was he thinking of some other time months ago . . . ?

He shook his head. "No, Little Benny is my friend. Little Benny is my friend."

But the feelings, the thoughts wouldn't leave him. For, just as though someone had come to the door and said: "Little Benny killed your brother," Stupe believed it.

A dangerous emotion was in his soul, for he knew where to go and what to do to avenge his brother and redeem himself.

He walked the two flights of stairs to the flat, and Little Benny had no sooner welcomed him with pained joyousness than Stupe said, looking soberly into the other's small face: "You killed my brother."

Little Benny's head shot up. His face went pale, and he swallowed: "Come off it. What are you saying. Me, kill your brother? God, Stupe, that's a laugh."

Stupe Karolenko didn't move, or catch a shade of his face.

"You put poison in that mug, Little Benny," Stupe said, and moved nearer.

Stupe Karolenko showed with blazing eyes: "You shouldn't have killed Jim, Little Benny. You shouldn't have killed Jim."

He made another step forward, and Little Benny cringed back, sweat rushing to his brow. When his voice came out of his dry throat it was high, screechy. "Don't do nothing to me, Stupe. For God's sake, let me alone, will ya?"

All this time Stupe Karolenko never thought that he might be mistaken; that he had no reason whatsoever to think Little Benny guilty of the crime. He was oblivious of everything except the fixed idea that he was his own and his brother's law. Slowly, he moved, as though he had all the time in the world.

Little Benny screamed like a trapped rat. "I didn't want to do it, Stupe. For your sake. Honest. You're my pal. We're cobbers. Mates. I didn't want to do it. I must have been mad. But Jim—he took Jeanne away from me. He took my girl. And that day at the house when I went to see her. He picked me up by the collar and threw me outside. It must have

CAVALCADE is again in short supply, due to the necessity for paper conservation under economic measures applied by the Federal Government in its effort to assist Britain. It is, therefore, suggested that you ask your newsagent to reserve your copy.

made me see red like. Do you hear?" His little eyes darted around, pecked up an empty wine bottle on the table.

Stape looked forward, his head cocked to one side, the whole a frightening symbol of his menace and his habitual shyness. Shouting in terror, Little Buzzy flung the bottle, which went wild and smashed against the opposite wall. Unhinged again, he broke into a piteous appeal.

"Don't do nothing to me, Stape. Don't hurt me. Look," he looked his lips, pouting, "look, let me go and I'll all the cops everything. Put you in the chair. I'll tell them how I put the poison in the water. And they'll say why. And I'll say because I hoped Stape would get the blame. I'll give me whole guts. Honest, I'll tell 'em, I'll say: I'm a little yellowstated rat so do that, because I didn't have anything against Stape. Nothing. I just wanted to do him in and get away with it. I'll tell 'em that, Stape. Honest."

He dashed with a squeal along the wall, and coughed hideously pale in the corner, whispering, his chest heaving with sobs. "Stape! Stape,

for God's sake. They'll hang you if you kill me. Don't tell me, Stape. Let me go. For God Almighty's sake . . . please . . . let me go . . ."

Swiftly, he tried to dart past Stape and get out the door, but the great bulk of the man was over him like a volcano over a leak, and pulling his head back with a jerk. Little Buzzy squealed, high and terrible; then his neck cracked like a smack, and he didn't squeal any more. He collapsed, limp and thrashing, in Stape's arms. Stape held him like a doll, and flung him in a crash of glass through the window. His body bumped below.

For a minute the big man stood there, stunned, looking at the jagged hole. Then his face screwed up with the shock of a latent realization: little brownness bent in the purple of his brain, he mightn't have done it! He mightn't have done it! What did you do? And harder and louder the thoughts pounded, and as if they were the dance of his body, they turned him about, alarmed and horrified, stumbling in a ruin down the stairs, shrieking: "Poom! Little Buzzy! Little Buzzy!"

*A wise old owl sat on a vat
Said his ing'genious think of that
For years this Port remained red
Now under Penfold's Port is best*



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(G/48)

Talking Points

● **COVER GIRL:** Twenty-year-old beauty Mary Sullivan (see cover this issue), is a business gal whose passionate modelling is so successful that she wrote in its full-page photo—but only in a glossy-graphic model, not as a magazine. However, and frustrated, Mary says something (and believes that a plain one-piece swimsuit shows better), hesitating, and then saying: "She is the first CAVALCADE Cover Girl who has returned to playing chess."

● **HEALTH:** For Herb, such "I don't drink up The Post. This Week's Staff" because I had to find something to write about. I put aside something else to write in after getting the note referred to in the opening paragraph. The trouble I pursued the subject, the more it became apparent that a large number of people cannot themselves with extremely close. Hence I believe that article will have some great appeal.

● **CAVALCADE** thinks he is right—*issue page 62*

● **NEARLY UNWRITTEN:** There are some tales so difficult to learn, and so hard to write that the world never knows about them. The story of Medicine, "The White Woman" (page 71 of this issue), is one. The full details will never be known, but the mystery uncovered in this and poem by Miss Gossamer, is fascinating.

Difficulty is to decide whether the real story is in the facts about Medicine, or in the poem, with the author's discovery then put them together.

● **NEWS:** Walter Nash spent over 40 years as the Chief Clerk in a customs office. What he learned, and the adventures he had, in that time, is a fascinating

story of a real "life of adventure." The amazing story of how the Chinese revolutionary leader, Sun Yat Sen, was kidnapped, is quite true—but after all these years is a "weird" to CAVALCADE, or "weird story" of past politics.

● **ANONYMOUS:** CAVALCADE has some famous anonymous articles, but "I Am A De Facto Wife" had to be so. It suggests it was a confusion on the part of the writer, but the unpleasantness which has more than once followed the writer for doing so has a de facto wife, makes it understandable that he never be withheld from publication.

● **BRIEFLY:** Anybody who likes a good story at all will find it in the end of "The First Day Of June" (page 12). —If you're like enough in and it all, you need the revelations (page 16) about the terrible things that happen to you after you take poison, but before you die. Incidentally, always have often been made of murder, and it has been found that women go more for poison than any other form of death; men go for shooting and throat-cutting, etc., as being more picturesque. Less painful, too. "Scrip" (page 71 of this issue), is not at all the same as the name CAVALCADE has had for some time, and a very unusual writing story it is, too.

● **CLUES:** You will be interested ("This For Women," Gossamer), and "The Amazing Suspense" (see), learned ("The Story of the Story," Halloway), and "Chinese Puzzle Tangle," Kern), and generally answered (written by Gossamer, only, by the July CAVALCADE).

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